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ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LI.

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No. 5.

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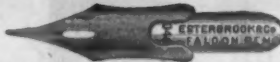
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FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1883:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).



8576

Front View.



8576

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 8576.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 6 years, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



FIGURE NO. 1.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This consists of Girls' costume No. 8560, which is represented on page 6 of this issue, where a single variety of material is used in its construction, and ruffles of the same and a ribbon bow are employed for the decoration. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the costume of one material for a girl of 8 years, requires 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



8581

Front View.



8581

Back View.

CHILD'S CLOAK.

No. 8581.—This stylish pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



8554

Front View.

LADIES' BOX-PLAITED BLOUSE.

No. 8554.—Fancy cloth of light weight is employed for the construction of this stylish garment in the present instance, and machine-stitching provides a tasteful finish for the edges. It will be much admired for house and street wear, and may be fashionably made up in both cotton and woolen suitings. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the blouse for a lady of medium size, will require 5 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 36 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



8554

Back View.



8572

Front View.



8558

MISSSES' WRAP.

No. 8558.—This handsome wrap may be seen at figure No. 2 on page 4 of this issue. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the wrap for a miss of 12 years, requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 32 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, or 2 yards 64 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8572

Back View.

LADIES' BOX-PLAITED WRAPPER.

No. 8572.—This handsome wrapper is made of soft-textured suiting in the present instance, and trimmed with white embroidery and satin ribbon. The pattern is appropriate for any wrapper fabric, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide. If goods 48 inches wide be selected, then $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be found sufficient. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



8575

Front View.

LADIES' MORNING CAP.

No. 8539. Pattern is in one a cap like it, yard of material or 36 inches mainsook, Su- etc., are decorations, and arrange- depending on the maker. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



8539

—This pattern size, and, for calls for $\frac{1}{2}$ rial either 22 wide. Mull, rah, Swiss, sirable fab- articles. broidery, rib- available as the choice ment de-



8575

Back View.

LADIES' SURPLICE WAIST.

No. 8575.—These engravings illustrate a pretty style of round waist. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



8573

Front View.

8584

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 8584.—A most charming style of wrap for cloths, Cheviots, Surahs, camel's-hairs and all the new Spring textures is portrayed by these engravings. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8573

Back View.

8550

Front View.

8566

Front View.

8566

Back View.

GIRLS' WAIST, WITH YOKE AND BELT.

No. 8566.—To construct this dainty waist for a girl of 8 years, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years old. Price, 15 cents.



8550

Back View.

MISSES' PLAITED BLOUSE.

No. 8550.—This blouse is made of dark blue flannel and finished with machine-stitching. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



FIGURE NO. 2.—MISSSES' PROMENADE
TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 2.—Consisting of Misses' wrap No. 8558, and dress No. 8443. The wrap is made of light-weight cloth of a fancy variety, trimmed with Hercules braid and bone buttons. Both patterns are in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and each costs 30 cents. To make the wrap for a miss of 12 years, needs $4\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, or 2 yards 54 inches wide. For a miss of the same age, the dress will require 5 yards 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide.

FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—Consisting of Ladies' skirt No. 8547, and basque No. 8548. The skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents. The basque is in 13 sizes from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. For a lady of medium size, the costume requires $16\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide: the basque needing $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards; and the skirt, 11 yards. Of material 48 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard will suffice for the basque, and $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the skirt.



FIGURE NO. 5.—LADIES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 5.—This consists of Ladies' skirt No. 8542, and basque No. 8541. The pattern to the skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents. The pattern to the basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, will require $13\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide: the skirt needing $10\frac{1}{2}$ yards; and the basque, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. If 48-inch-wide goods be selected, then $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards will suffice; the skirt needing $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards, and the basque requiring $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.



FIGURE NO. 4.—MISSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This consists of Misses' plaited blouse No. 8550, and walking skirt No. 8549. The patterns are each in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age: the skirt costing 30 cents; and the blouse, 25 cents. To make the costume for a miss of 12 years, will require 13 yards of material 22 inches wide: the skirt needing $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards; and the blouse, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. If 48-inch-wide goods be selected for the purpose, then $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards will suffice: the skirt needing 4 yards; and the blouse, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Plain and striped all-wool camel's-hair are the materials here used for the costume, and braid and buttons trim it stylishly. Any other pretty combination of fabrics and trimming may, however, be selected, instead.



**8563****LADIES' WRAP.**

No. 8563.—The pattern to the stylish wrap here pictured is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In the construction of the garment for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, or 2 yards of goods 54 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

MISSES' WALKING SKIRT.

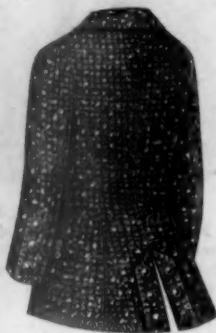
No. 8549.—Another illustration of this stylish skirt is given at figure No. 4 on page 5. The flounce-drapery upon the skirt, though quite elaborate-looking, is very simple in construction, and will be very effective in silks and soft woolsens. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 5 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it calls for $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 4 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**8549****8553****MISSES' COSTUME.**

No. 8553.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the costume for a miss of 12 years, needs $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of fancy material and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of the former and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of the latter 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**8560***Front View.***8560***Back View.***GIRLS' COSTUME.**

No. 8560.—This pattern is commendable for the combination of two or more fabrics, and is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the costume for a girl of 8 years, will require 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**8565***Front View.***8565***Back View.***MISSES' JACKET.**

No. 8565.—The jaunty garment here depicted is made of fancy cloth. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8547

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8547.—A pretty Spring suiting of a plain variety is used for this skirt in the present instance, and the finish employed is of the simplest possible character. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 11 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 6½ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

LADIES' WRAP.
No. 8580.—This wrap is made of figured Ottoman rep, with Spanish lace in two widths about the neck, sleeves and lower edges. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, will require 4½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide, or 2 yards 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8580



8542

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8542.—Camel's-hair is the material employed for the construction of this skirt in the present instance, and Saxony embroidery and a narrow box-plaiting of the goods comprise the decorations. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 10½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 4½ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8570

Front View.



8570

Back View.



8585

Front View.



8585

Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 8570.—This costume is here made of white piqué, with embroidery and piqué braid for trimming. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it will require 4½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

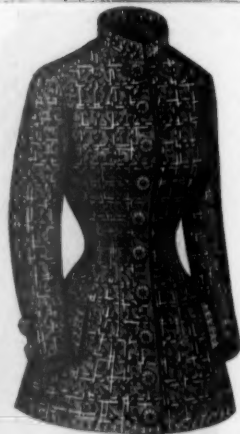
No. 8585.—This costume is made of checked suiting, with the same and plain contrasting goods for trimming. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years old. For a girl of 8 years, it requires 5½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**8582****LADIES' COAT, WITH VEST.**

No. 8582.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it will require 4 yards of one material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of another 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of the one and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of the other 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**FIGURE No. 6.—CHILD'S BOX-PLAITED COSTUME.**

FIGURE No. 6.—This consists of Child's costume No. 8552. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and is especially charming for washable materials. For a child of 6 years, it requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cts.

**8555****LADIES' COAT.**

No. 8555.—This coat pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is very stylish and pretty. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**8557***Front View.***8551***Front View.***8551***Back View.***CHILD'S JACKET.**

No. 8551.—Light gray cloth is used to make this garment in the present instance. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

MISSES' POLONAISE.

No. 8557.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. It is here represented as developed in suit goods of a dark brown shade, neatly decorated with machine-stitching, buttons and ball ornaments. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**8557***Back View.*

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MONT SAINT-MICHEL.—Page 232.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

MAY, 1883.

No. 5.



SPRING.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still woods, where spring
The first flowers of the plain.

I love the season well—
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms;
Nor dark and many-folded clouds forested
The coming on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mold
The sapling draws its sustenance and grows;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

VOL. LI.—20.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee—as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fall, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

LONGFELLOW.

(271)



MONT SAINT MICHEL.—Page 412.

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(271)

KATHERINE OF ARAGON.

AMID the clash of arms and the turmoil of siege and battle were spent the earliest years of the Infanta Catilina, known in English history as Katherine of Aragon. Her parents were Ferdinand, King of Aragon, and Isabella, Queen of Castile, under whose joint rule the Moors were driven from the land and America discovered. Her illustrious mother had just conquered several Moorish strongholds at the close of 1485, when Catilina was born, and the first four years of the child's life were passed in the camp before Granada, which Queen Isabella had been so long besieging. Once, in a desperate sally, the Moors fired the Queen's pavilion and the children were rescued with difficulty from the flames. At length Granada was taken, and from her fourth to her fifteenth year Katherine was reared among the marvels of the Alhambra. Her mother, the most learned princess in Europe, snatched every possible moment from the cares of state to superintend the education of her four daughters, for whom tutors of great literary attainments were also provided. In 1497, Katherine, a girl of twelve, was betrothed to Prince Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII, of England, and love-letters in Latin passed to and fro between the Alhambra and Ludlow Castle. In 1501, in her sixteenth year, Katherine had to abandon her dearly beloved Spain and was married in St. Paul's Cathedral to her boy-husband, a year younger than herself. Before six months had passed she was a widow, Prince Arthur dying of the plague.

Only half of the marriage portion of two hundred thousand crowns had been paid, and in his fear of losing the rest, Henry VII arranged a marriage between the young widow and his second son, Henry, then a lad of twelve. Katherine was at first averse to the engagement, but reconciled herself to it and the young couple were betrothed in 1503 and married in 1509, when Henry had ascended the throne as Henry VIII, a dispensation having been obtained from the Pope to permit their union. The marriage took place at Greenwich, on June 11th, and a few days afterward the royal pair, attended by many of the nobility, came to the Tower. After creating twenty-four knights, Henry and Katherine made a royal progress through the streets of London, gay with tapestry in honor of the event. The rich citizens of Cornhill covered their house fronts with cloth of gold. All along the street from Cornhill and the Old Change the way was lined with young maidens in pure white robes, bearing palms of white wax in their hands. Priests in gorgeous robes marshaled this long array of damsels and swayed their silver censers, as the Queen's procession swept by. Katherine was arrayed in bridal robes of white embroidered

satin, her beautiful hair hung down her back almost to her feet, and upon her head reposed a coronal glistening with rich stones. The royal bride, thus attired, sat on a litter of white cloth of gold, borne by two white horses. Behind her came a long array of the female nobility of England in the cars of the period, known as whirlicotes, which preceded the introduction of coaches. The coronation took place at Westminster next day, and was followed by a round of festivities and much elaborate pageantry. At the grand banquet in Westminster Hall several ladies of high rank sat under the table at the Queen's feet, holding her pocket-handkerchief, table-napkins, fan, and purse.

The first years of wedded life were happy ones. Henry was a jovial, good-natured prince, fond of pomp and splendor, ambitious of winning knightly fame and popular applause. The Queen humored him in his favorite diversions, while she herself lived a dignified, self-denying life of almost conventual strictness, "conscientious in the performance of her religious duties, devoted to her husband, kind to her friends, charitable to her enemies, and careful of the interests of her adopted country." She was Regent of England in 1513, when Flodden Field was won during the absence of Henry in France, and discharged the duties of her office with marked ability and courage. A gloom, was, however, cast over these early years by the repeated loss of children. Three sons died; one sickly child, Mary, born in 1516, alone survived. As years passed on Henry's affections became gradually alienated from his stately bride. The estrangement culminated in 1527, when, in his anxiety to marry Anne Boleyn, he either had, or pretended to have, doubts about the legality of his marriage with Katherine and set about obtaining a divorce. There is no doubt that Pope Clement VII would readily have annulled the marriage permitted by his predecessor had he not been in fear of Queen Katherine's powerful nephew, the Emperor Charles V. The Pope and Henry both hoped that the conventual habits of Katherine would have rendered it easy for her to retire from the throne and spend the rest of her days in a monastery. They were mistaken; submissive as she was in other respects, and forgiving as regards her husband's frequent irregularities, she was determined to surrender none of her rights as Queen and to allow no doubts to be thrown upon the legality of her marriage or upon the title to the throne of her infant daughter Mary. The Pope empowered the Cardinals Campeggio and Wolsey to hold a court and determine the matter. After many delays the court assembled on May 28th, 1529, at Blackfriars. Katherine appeared only to protest against the legality of the court, and after a solemn address to the King for justice, appealed to the Pope, and withdrew. It

is at the moment of retiring from the court that she is represented in the accompanying picture,* having just confronted Wolsey with the words, as rendered by Shakspeare:†

"My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. Y^e are meek and humble-
mouthed;
You sign your place and calling in full seeming
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride;
You tender more your person's honor than
Your high profession spiritual; and again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judged by him."

remained as charitably disposed as ever toward her husband, but treated all these attempts to deprive her of her rights with contempt. Her health, which had for some time been failing, completely gave way. To the last she allowed none to address her otherwise than as Queen. After writing a pathetic letter of forgiveness and gentle admonition to her husband that wrung tears even from him, and taking all the care she could of her faithful attendants, she expired at Kimbolton Castle on January 7th, 1536.

"The grand abilities of Katherine of Aragon," says Miss Strickland; "her unstained integrity of word and action, united with intrepid firmness, commanded even from her enemies that deep respect which her sweetness, benevolence, and other saintly virtues would not have obtained



THE TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHERINE.

Notwithstanding the proceedings for the divorce, Katherine was not banished from the palace till 1531, when—finding he could not prevail upon her to withdraw her appeal or in any way give up her passive resistance—Henry bade her retire from Windsor, and she never saw her husband or her daughter Mary again. Her residence was often changed, but it was principally at Amptill. The Pope cited Henry to appear at Rome, but the King refused, and at length solved the difficulty by the assertion of the royal supremacy in 1531. In 1533, at a court held at Dunstable, Archbishop Cranmer pronounced his master's marriage with Katherine null and void. The unhappy Queen

unsupported by these high, queenly qualities. Sustained by her own innate grandeur of soul, her piety and lofty rectitude, she passed through all her bitter trials without calumny succeeding in fixing a spot upon her name."

THE things which constitute the true charm of a home cannot be bought or secured by the labor of hirelings. It is only the mistress of the house, the wife and mother, through her love and union of interest with her husband and children, who, guided by her affection, will labor to bring that charm about her household which springs from systematic labor, scrupulous neatness, and economy—a finely appointed table, with food daintily prepared and served with exquisite taste.

* From a painting by Laslett J. Pott, in the Royal Academy Exhibition.

HIS HEART'S DESIRE.

IT was a bright spring day, and the rays of the afternoon sun streamed in through the colored windows, making the cold, gray pavement of the old cathedral blush with crimson and purple light. The glory fell here and there in jeweltinted flakes and flecks, now lighting up some massive column, now gleaming on the gloomy, oaken stalls. One bright ray seemed to caress tenderly the fair-haired boy who was singing, as all true singers must, with his whole soul. As the sunlight came through the wondrous windows and illumined his golden curls, so was his face radiant with a glow of earnest happiness that streamed from his eyes—the windows of the soul, and as he sang he seemed inspired. Breathlessly all listened, as there welled up the pure voice—rich, yet restrained in the soothing strains—the tender cadences of the great master.

The solemn tones swept away down the long nave and high into the arching roof. They eddied lingeringly in the aisles and in the great transepts, and round old time-eaten shrines. Comfort and solace for the weary, wounded heart seemed to ring in every note, as the sweet words of that true angels' song resounded:

"Oh! rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire."

The anthem was ended—the last words of peace spoken—the worshipers dispersed. Only one old man still knelt in rapt contemplation. The message of the anthem had stirred the very depths of his heart and carried him far back into bygone years.

Long years ago he, too, had been a singer. There came before him the memory of a certain day when he also had sung those words. Not to that music, indeed. That had not been called into earthly existence out of the universe of unborn melody which the great masters of song are sometimes permitted to hear and interpret to their fellow-men. But he had sung the words, and even then they sank into his heart, boy as he was, with a heavenly music of their own; for he felt and knew that the divine promise must be true and faithful. It was the last time he was to sing there. He was passing out of boyhood, and he had now to try to earn his spurs in that deadly combat with the world which brings woe, indeed, to the conquered. So with the greater power and intensity did the words come home to him: His heart's desire! To attain this he would willingly wait, and wait patiently. No toil should be too hard; no drudgery too wearisome, if it but led him to such an end as that.

His heart's desire! What should that be? What could that be?

Then there arose before his boyish mind dazzling visions of great and boundless wealth. He

thought of all that riches could purchase—of all they could accomplish. How often had he planned: "This would I do, if only I were rich." And here was the promise. He had but to make it his heart's desire and he would surely obtain it. Bright were the dreams that filled his fancy. What good would he not do with his wealth! What aching hearts would he not heal! How generous would he be! With what joy would he provide for his loved ones! His mother—what would he not do for her! Now she had to work for him; but then he would be able to repay her. Oh! that the day might quickly come!

Do you smile at his wishes? Have your own always been as pure, as unselfish?

* * * * *

Another picture rose before the old man's mind. Ten years had passed away and he was now become a man.

Once more the familiar words rang in his ears. With a smile half scornful the youth recalled his boyhood's aspirations. Wealth? No; that was no true heart's desire of his. He now knew how impotent, how sordid mere earthly wealth was. That which was gross, material, sensuous, evanescent, it might procure; but with what is highest and noblest in man—with what is most truly enduring—it had nought in common. He knew better than to desire such a thing now. No! there was a higher good to be longed for. He was willing to wait patiently if he might but attain to power and renown. Power that he might wield—not to benefit a few, but to do good to millions. Power that should command wealth and make use of it. His eye kindled. Proudly he drew himself up at the very thought of swaying myriads for their welfare.

Yes; he would be a king and a ruler among men, and unborn generations should avow him in very truth a benefactor.

For such an end as this, life would indeed be worth the living. For such an end as this he could be well content to wait patiently. Here was at last his heart's desire.

* * * * *

Time passed silently but rapidly. Fifteen more years had slipped away, and now he sat a man well on in years. His dark locks were grizzled, and deep were the marks where care had plowed long furrows on his brow. A book lay open before him, and he read: "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him." With a sigh he recalled his former longings. He had not obtained them, nor did he now regret them. As formerly he had perceived the vanity of earthly riches, so now he could discern the impotence of earthly power. While toiling on patiently in his obscure condition he had observed many rise to great power. But he had also observed their decline. Their sun had risen high at noontide, but in the end had faded

into the gloom of night; and, if their power was transitory, it was no less feeble. Compared with other men they might seem powerful, but when brought face to face with the realities of life and death, then their actual weakness became apparent. No; that desire, too, had been a mistake. What, then, was there to long for? Long had he battled bravely by himself, but now the strife began to tell upon his strength.

Sorrow and care had done their work. He began to feel that he was alone in the world, and to long for some one to fill up the void in his life.

Yes, that might well be his heart's desire. A pure, true love that might enter into his joys and sympathize with his griefs. A love to last throughout this life and only begin afresh in the endless life to come. That would surely be a glorious crown for his patient waiting. * * Again twenty years passed. The snows of old age had fallen lightly, flake by flake, upon his head. He bent this time over the poet's words: "All things come round to him who will but wait." The echoes of old memories awoke. Gravely, but not sorrowfully, the old man reviewed his earlier dreams and wishes—wealth and power. He had seen their emptiness and uselessness. And that last dream! Was that as vain? Is love as idle a show as others? Nay, not so; for love is eternal.

Yet he seemed to perceive that the boon might have been withheld from him in mercy. He had seen how the loved ones of other men had been taken from them, how the after-solitude had been doubly bitter, how doubly dark had been the gloom when the love-light faded out of their lives. He had seen, too, how imperfect after all was the communion of even those hearts that had loved the best. So, pondering over his mistake, he began to perceive that once again he had mistaken for the deep and enduring heart's desire something that after years had shown to be but poor and fleeting.

Then, thought he, that which I most need is wisdom, true wisdom. That in itself is wealth and power. It must surely be as eternal as love. It will help me to bear my griefs. It cannot fail to enhance my joys. Be this, then, my heart's desire.

So the old man, still kneeling in the great cathedral, called up the vision of days long past and dreams long dead. But now the familiar words seemed clothed with new meaning. As the sunlight flashing on the distant landscape will bring to view beauties unsuspected before, so the wondrous melody seemed to have taught him to find new truth in the words he had known so long. He had found the keynote of the saying and its harmony became clear to him.

"Oh! rest in the Lord." Yea, gracious Master, Thou hast been guiding me hitherto. 'Whereas

I was blind, now I see.' Thou hast been showing how vain and empty were what seemed my heart's desire. Thou hast caused me to see that they were not even the true desires of my heart.

"Contentedly, therefore, will I rest me in Thee, O loving Lord! Patiently will I wait for Thee. Be Thou my exceeding great reward. Be Thou my heart's desire."

What then? Is this all? Is the Divine Providence but a deceit? After a whole lifetime of patient waiting was the old man only taught to know a new desire?

Nay, but the promise was fulfilled. Not only one desire, but all his desires were granted him.

Wealth beyond man's conception, power greater than that of a monarch, love eternal and boundless, wisdom deeper and truer than that of the ancients, and the presence of that Lord who was his heart's true desire—all were given him, and that speedily. For, when the colored glory of the windows had faded into cold gray and the vergers came round to close the gates of the cathedral for the night, the silvery head was still bowed in grateful adoration, but the soul had winged its flight thither where true joys are to be found.

He had waited patiently for the Lord and had obtained

HIS HEART'S DESIRE.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

IN ancient days—a castle—a castle high and grand—

Shone out upon the ocean across a smiling land,

And round about it gardens in flowery mazes twined,

Where sparkled sunny fountains against the sunny wind.

There dwelt a haughty monarch, to siege and battle known;

With pallid brow and sullen he sat upon his throne;

For all his looks were fury, his thoughts a gruesome flood,

And all he spoke was scoffing, and all he wrote was blood.

Once to the castle journeyed two bards, a noble pair,

One crowned with golden ringlets, the other gray of hair;

A harp the elder carried, a gallant steed he rode,

While gayly on beside him his young companion srode.

Out spake the minstrel hoary: "Be ready, now,
my own,
Choose of our lay the choicest and strike your
fullest tone;
Sing joy and bitter sorrow, love's crown and pas-
sion's dart—
Join all the powers of melody to touch the tyrant's
heart."

The massive gates were opened—they passed the
portal wide;
Throned sat the King before them, his consort by
his side;
The King, in awful splendor, like the bloody polar
light—
But like the moon the lady, so fair and softly
bright.

The master sweeps the harp-strings with skillful
touch and clear—
Full rolls the swelling music upon the ravished
ear,
And high a young voice soars, borne on a winged
strain—
The other follows softly in spirit-like refrain.

They sing of love and spring-time—of gentle joys
that bless—
Of freedom, manly honor—of truth and holiness;
They sing of all things tender, that stir the heart's
desire;
They sing of all things noble, that lift the spirit
higher.

The knights forget their jesting, the clowns their
antics odd,
The haughty warriors tremble and bow before
their God;
The Queen is softly weeping in tender, sad un-
rest—
She tosses to the singers the rose from off her
breast.

"Ye've lured away my people and now seduce my
wife!"
So cries the King, upstarting, his soul in evil
strife;
He hurls his sword, and flashing, it cleaves the
young man's breast,
Deep under rushing life-blood the golden song is
pressed.

The waiting crowd is scattered as leaves before the
blast,
Upon his master's bosom the youth has breathed
his last.
He wraps his mantle round him, he binds him on
the horse,
And leaving court and castle, walks forth beside
the corse.

But lo! the minstrel pauses before the portal
grand,
He lifts the lyre, the peerless, the pride of all the
land,
He breaks it 'gainst a pillar, he hurls it to the
ground,
And shrill through hall and gardens his fearsome
tones resound.

"Oh! woe to you, ye towers! No more shall blessed
song
Ring through your echoing arches to thrill a
careless throng;
No! sighs and bitter groaning and the stealthy
step of slaves,
Until the avenging spirit shall tread you into
graves!

"Oh! woe to you, ye gardens in the tender light of
May!
Look on these ghastly features, this senseless,
breathless clay—
Look, and beholding, wither; strike all your
fountains dumb,
Lie desolate and barren through all the years to
come!

"Woe, woe to thee, assassin! Thou curse of min-
strelsy!
Vain, vain shall all thy striving for bloody glory be,
Thy name shall be forgotten, lost in eternal doom,
As dies the last death-rattle, breathed into empty
gloom!"

So shrieked the bard in anguish, and Heaven
heard his cry—
The stately halls have vanished, the walls in
ruins lie,
One shaft alone remaining tells of departed
power,
And that, already crumbling, may perish in an
hour.

Where once were blooming gardens is spread a
moorland bare,
There never shade reposes, or fountain leaps in
air;
No legend names the monarch, or line of sound-
ing verse—

Fallen and forgotten! That is the minstrel's curse.

HELEN HERBERT.

THE ORIOLE.

GAY little oriole, herald of spring,
Welcome again with your glistening wing;
Sweet,
Though we lamented you all winter long,
Quit are we now in your sprightlier song.

THREE TROPICAL PLANTS.

OUR illustrations represent three beautiful tropical plants often seen in conservatories, but of which most people, in temperate latitudes at least, know comparatively little. Nine

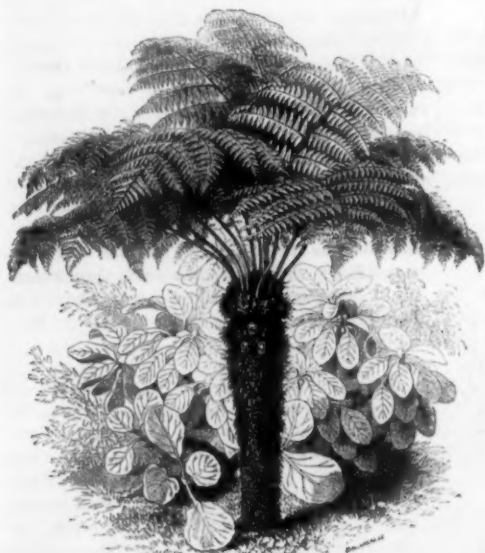


Fig. 1.—CYATHEA DEALBATA.

out of ten of those who visit large green-houses simply admire the elegant foliage and pass on, never inquiring as to the nativity, properties, or alliances of the objects of their admiration.

Fig. 1 shows a handsome tree-fern belonging to the family botanically known as *Cyatheaceæ*. The species ranged under this family are numerous and rank among the most striking features of tropical scenery. They are very abundant in South America, the West Indies, the East Indian Archipelago, and the Islands of the Pacific. A few are found in New Zealand and Southern Africa.

In some arborescent ferns the trunk is short, but in others it reaches a height of forty or fifty feet and is crowned with a splendid head of fronds, which in most cases are large and in many of a gigantic size. These fronds strongly resemble, in shape and feathery appearance, the common lady-fern of our woods and meadows. *Cyathea medullaris*, a fine species of New Zealand and the Pacific Islands, and known in gardens as a magnificent tree-fern of a comparatively hardy character, forms in its native land a common article of food. The part eaten is the soft, pulpy medullary substance, which occupies the centre of the trunk and which bears some re-

semblance to sago. *Cyathea dealbata*, the subject of our illustration, also a native of New Zealand, furnishes food in a similar manner. This has a trunk of from ten to fifteen feet in height, crowned with an elegant tuft of fronds, which are white beneath with a silvery powder.

Fig. 2, *Maranta zebрина*, is with us known principally as a foliage-plant, its large leaves being of a dark green curiously striped with shaded browns. It belongs to the *Marantaceæ*, a family consisting of herbaceous plants, with fleshy tuberous roots and panicles, or tassels of irregular flowers. The species are mostly natives of tropical America, but are cultivated for the sake of the starch in their roots in both the East and West Indies and in Western Africa. No less than four varieties of *Maranta* are cultivated for the starch known as arrowroot. The term arrowroot is derived from the fact that the Indians used the roots of these plants as an application to wounds inflicted by poisoned arrows.

The tubers whence this substance is procured are whitish, jointed, and horizontal, and give rise to numerous offshoots that



Fig. 2.—MARANTA ZEBRINA.

are covered with rudimentary scales or leaves; these subsequently appear above ground and send forth new plants. The starch is extracted from the tubers when these are ten or twelve months old, by reducing them to pulp with water; strain-

ing, allowing the particles to subside, and again washing and permitting the powder to dry.

Arrowroot is pure starch, very nutritious. But this is not the only product of the *Maranta* family—from one species a kind of India matting is made. The name of the genus is derived from that of Maranti, a distinguished Venetian botanist and physician of the sixteenth century.

Fig. 3 represents a plant commonly known as screw-pine, from its resemblance to the pineapple, to which, however, it is not related. There are many species of *Pandanus*, representatives of the family of *Pandanaceæ*, all of which are confined to the Eastern Hemisphere and a very large proportion to the islands of the Indian Archi-

the pineapple. The lower parts of the branches and stem are naked, but densely marked with the annular, or ring-like scars left by the clasping bases of fallen leaves. The fruits consist of a number of wedge-form clusters of drupes, or berries with stones, congregated in large, cone-like heads.

Pandanus elegantissimus, the subject of our picture, is noted for its extreme beauty of appearance. *P. candelabrum* is the chandelier tree, so called on account of its mode of branching. *P. utilis* is the Baona, or Vacona, of the Mauritius Islands, in which it is not only a very common wild plant, but is also largely cultivated for the sake of its leaves, from which are manufactured bags or sacks. *P. foetidus* bears fruit having a very unpleasant odor, while the flowers of *P. odoratissimus* are exceedingly fragrant. Some species of *Pandanus* furnish edible seeds. Quite a number of varieties of this extensive family have long been favorite ornaments in hot-houses. M.

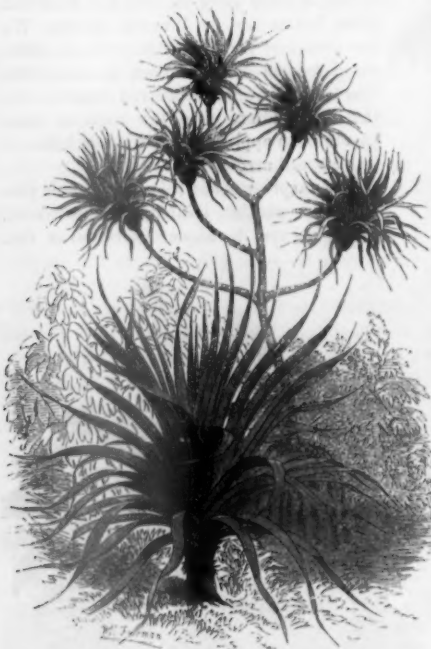


Fig. 3.—*PANDANUS ELEGANTISSIMUS*.

pelago. They abound principally near the sea and sometimes cover large tracts of country with an impenetrable mass of vegetation. Some grow to a large size, forming trees with much-branched stems, though this is an uncommon circumstance. The majority are large bushes about ten or fifteen feet high. Their leaves are very long and narrow, tough and leathery, and armed along the midrib and edged with sharp, re-curved prickles; they are arranged in a triple, spiral series toward the ends of the branches, forming dense tufts or crowns. From the regular, corkscrew-like spiral in which the leaves grow, the first syllable of the name, screw-pine, is derived. As stated above, the second suggests the plant's resemblance to

SPEECH IS SILVER, SILENCE IS GOLD.—An Indian merchant took an elephant to a fair. No sooner had he arrived than he noticed a European, who, without saying a word, walked round and round the elephant, examining it attentively on all sides. The merchant addressed several questions to him without eliciting a reply. An intending purchaser appeared on the scene, and the merchant turned eagerly to the European and whispered in his ear, "Don't say a word till I have sold the elephant and I will make you a handsome present." The stranger nodded assent and remained mute as before. When the bargain was concluded and the money paid, the merchant handed over ten per cent. of the purchase-money and said to the mysterious personage, "Now you can speak; I want you to explain how you came to notice the blemish in the left leg of my elephant, which I thought I had managed entirely to conceal?" "A blemish?" replied the silent one. "I discovered nothing; it is the first time I ever saw an elephant in my life, and I examined it out of sheer curiosity."

EXPERIENCE.—To do the same thing over and over again for years without heart or improvement may indeed be called experience; but it is a profitless one. Some people who are proudest of boasting of their experience have the least reason to be proud of it. To have spent ten or twenty years in the same pursuit does not, of itself, entitle a man to respect and honor; but to have spent as many months in steadfast progress, to have brought to bear upon his employment all his past training, to have put into it fresh thought and renewed vigor, to have made experiments, studied methods, and planned improvements—that is an experience we justly esteem.



MAY.

FEEL a newer life in every gale;
 The winds, that fan the flowers,
 And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
 Tell of serener hours—
 Of hours that glide unfelt away
 Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls
 From his blue throne of air,
 And where his whispering voice in music falls,
 Beauty is budding there;
 The bright ones of the valley break
 Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
 And the wide forest weaves,
 To welcome back its playful mates again,
 A canopy of leaves,
 And from its darkening shadow floats
 A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
 The tresses of the woods
 With the light dallying of the west wind play,

And the full brimming floods,
 As gladly to their goal they run,
 Hail the returning sun. JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

ANECDOTES OF JENNY LIND.

A WRITER in *Youth's Companion*, in relating some incidents attending the visit of Jenny Lind to this country, tells the following pleasant anecdote:

One night, while she was singing in Boston, a poorly dressed sewing-girl approached the box-office, saying, as she laid down three dollars for a ticket:

"Here goes half a month's earnings, but I want so much to hear Jenny Lind!"

The singer's secretary happened to overhear the remark, and a few moments afterward he laughingly related it to her.

"Would you know that girl again?" she asked. When he assured her that he would, she placed a twenty-dollar gold-piece in his hand, saying, "Poor girl! give her that with my best wishes."

She would leave her hotel, drawn away to visit some family who had appealed to her benevolence, and pass down some dark, uncleanly street to the wretched tenement in which the family dwelt. When cautioned lest people should take undue advantage of her bounty she would reply:

"Never mind; if I relieve ten, and one is worthy, I am satisfied."

I remember a hundred pleasant stories told about her at the time. During her ten days' stay in Charleston, South Carolina, being greatly worn with excitement, she declined seeing visitors, and this, of course, disappointed many persons who wished to see her. One romantic young lady, the daughter of a very wealthy planter, was so determined to see her in private that she paid one of the servants to let her put on a cap and white apron, and carry in the tray with Miss Lind's tea.

When the singer heard of this and was urged to receive one who had so great an admiration for her, she replied:

"It is not admiration; it is only curiosity, and I will not encourage such folly."

While in Havana she became interested in a poor, little Italian boy, called Vivalla. He was in great distress, having lost by paralysis the use of his limbs on one side of his body, and he was thus unable to earn a living, although he kept a performing dog, which turned a spinning-wheel and did other curious tricks.

Hearing his story, she expressed great sympathy, and said that something must be given him from the "benefit" which she was about to receive. Accordingly five hundred dollars were appropriated for his use, and arrangements were made for his return to friends in Italy.

A few days afterward he called at her house during her absence with a basket of most luscious fruit.

"God bless her, I am so happy; she is such a good lady!" he kept repeating to the friend who

admitted him. "I should so much like to have her see my dog turn a wheel; he can do it very well; he can spin, too. Would she care to see it, do you think?"

He was told that Miss Lind had little time to give to strangers, and that she never received thanks for her gifts.

Upon her return the fruit was handed to her and his request to show her how his dog could turn a spinning-wheel was laughingly repeated.

"Poor boy, do let him come; it is all the kind creature can do for me. Certainly, we will have him here with his dog; it will make us both happy," exclaimed the tender-hearted singer, with eyes full of tears.

So Vivalla was told that Jenny Lind would like to see his dog perform the very next day at four o'clock precisely. Full half an hour before the time appointed she took her seat at the window to watch for the Italian and his dog, and when she saw him coming punctual to the minute she ran down-stairs like a child and opened the door for him herself. Motioning the servant away she took the little wheel in her arms, saying:

"It is very good of you to come with your dog. Follow me; I will carry the wheel."

In her beautiful parlors the tender woman, sought alike by the wealthy and the great, devoted herself to the delighted Italian, getting down upon her knees to pet his dog, playing and singing to him, asking after his friends in Italy, and finally carrying his wheel again to the door when the lad departed.

THE YEAR IS YOUNG.

THE year is young and life is sweet,
Let's up and do our duty;
Let's chase away the clouds and greet
The skies of joy and beauty.

Let's cease to mourn the dear, dead past,
And make it our endeavor
To strive and love while life shall last,
And loose hope's anchor never;

To meet whatever ills we may,
And smile in spite of sorrow,
To bear the burden of to-day,
Nor fear for the to-morrow.

S. J. J.

NO ONE can associate freely with persons of true refinement without imbibing something more of delicacy and gentleness into his own nature; nor can any one live in an atmosphere of sympathy and good-will without feeling his emotions stirred with love and interest in his fellow-men.

"THE WHIPPING-BOY."

FEW of the old court customs practiced in olden times were more curious than "whipping by proxy." It appears that the office of whipping-boy doomed its unfortunate occupant

custom was the appointment of Barnaby Fitzpatrick as King Edward VIth's whipping-boy, to which we find numerous allusions. Thus Burnet, in his *History of the Reformation*, says: "This Fitzpatrick did afterward fully answer the opinion this young King had of him. He was



to undergo all the corporal punishment which the heir-apparent of the throne—whose proper person was, as the Lord's anointed, considered sacred—might chance to incur "in the course of traveling through his grammar and prosody." One of the most celebrated instances of the observance of this

bred up with him in learning, and, as it is said, had been his whipping-boy, who, according to the rule of educating our princes, was always to be whipped for the King's faults. He was afterward made by Queen Elizabeth Baron of Upper Ossory, in Ireland, which was his native country."

Styve, in his *Ecclesiastical Memorials*, makes several allusions to Barnaby Fitzpatrick, and relates how he was "much favored by King Edward VI, having been bred up with him from a child. Him the King sent into the French King's court, furnished him with instructions under his own hand for his behavior there, which are preserved in *Fuller's History*, appointed him four servants, gave him three hundred French crowns in his purse and a letter to the French King in his favor, declaring that the King had sent him thither to remain in his court to learn fashions for the better serving him at his return."

Among other references to this custom may be noticed one by Burnet, in the *History of His Own Time*. This writer, in speaking of Elizabeth, Countess of Dysart, who afterward became Duchess of Lauderdale, tells us that her father, William Murray, had been page and whipping-boy to Charles I.

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Fortunes of Nigel*, on introducing Sir Mungo Malagrowth, of Girnigo Castle, to his readers, gives a graphic account of this custom. After narrating how he had been early attached to court in the capacity of whipping-boy to King James VI, and trained to all polite learning with his Majesty by his celebrated preceptor, George Buchanan, he adds: "Under his stern rule, for he did not approve of the vicarious mode of punishment, James bore the penance of his own faults and Mungo Malagrowth enjoyed a sinecure. But James's other pedagogue, Master Patrick Young, went more ceremoniously to work and appalled the very soul of the youthful King by the floggings which he bestowed on the whipping-boy when the royal task was not suitably performed. And be it told to Sir Mungo's praise that there were points about him in the highest respect suited to his official situation. He had, even in youth, a naturally irregular and grotesque set of features, which, when distorted by fear, pain, and anger, looked like one of the whimsical faces which present themselves in Gothic architecture. His voice was also high-pitched and querulous, so that when smarting under Master Peter Young's unsparing inflictions the expression of his grotesque physiognomy and the superhuman yells which he uttered were well suited to produce all the effects on the monarch, who deserved the lash, that could possibly be produced by seeing another and an innocent individual suffering for his delict."

A PERSON who has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than one who is in want of necessities for the body, and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of one who begs for daily bread.

MONT SAINT-MICHEL.

THE history of France and that of Mont Saint-Michel, or Mount Saint Michael, are so entwined, one with the other, that it is almost impossible to separate them and do justice to either.

From the earliest period in the history of France of which we have any authenticated record the story of Mont Saint-Michel bears a prominent part in its tales of knightly chivalry and kingly oppression. Combining, as it does, a holy monastery, a grand cathedral, and a strong fortress in one edifice, it stands forth to the world as a unique exponent of the history of that old France, which was at once so great and so cruel, so devout and yet so bigoted. Little do we realize, as we gaze on this group of buildings, gilded by the rays of the sun and, soaring peacefully toward the clouds, the Gothic arches standing out in bold relief against the intense blue of sea and sky, that here for centuries had been fought some of the most dreadful battles which stain the glory-roll of France; that here the groans of countless prisoners had appealed to Heaven from the depths of the pitiless stone dungeons with which this stern rock is honeycombed.

As we gaze upon it in the clear, white light we notice its beautifully carved arches and turrets springing in graceful curves from their granite bases and towering at least four hundred feet above the level of the sea.

To-day, in place of armed troops, with gorgeous panoply of war and clash of arms, as in bygone centuries, is to be seen a bunch of white-robed pilgrims, collected from all parts of France, and each parish headed by its own special priest. They take their winding way at earliest dawn up the steep and rugged path which is hewed out of the solid rock and leads to the monastery from the little town at its feet. The air resounds with their pious hymns, and the eye is bewildered by the multitude of banners, of which each parish carries one peculiar to itself. They come to this spot, consecrated by the legends of centuries, to pray and to receive absolution. How peacefully this scene presents itself to our minds! What a contrast to the horrid din of war and the sighs of misery with which this rock has echoed for ages!

We turn into the old barracks, and this stronghold of noisy revelry, occupied centuries ago by men "swearing strange oaths and bearded like the pard," now gives back, in murmuring tones, the subdued sound of voices, and on every side we see youthful heads bent low over artistic work, while beautiful white pigeons circle around and fly in and out undisturbed. This retreat of warriors has been converted into an orphanage for boys, and here have been established studios in

which is taught to these fatherless ones the peaceful art of staining glass.

Mont Saint-Michel, at the present day, belongs to the See of Coutances and has been confided to the care of twelve priests of the Congregation of Potigny, and who also fulfill the office of preachers and missionaries to the rest of the Channel Islands.

Mont Saint-Michel is a bold, towering rock in the shape of an inverted cone, situated off the coast of Normandy, looking as though it had been dropped from a great distance and broken into many pieces. At the base of this cone is clustered a small, unattractive town, whose houses, rising one above the other, have the appearance of absolutely clinging to their rock foundation for support. This granite island is now separated from the main coast by a treacherous spit of land, which at high tide is entirely covered with water, turning the Mount into an island, and which at low tide can be traversed in a carriage, but only by the aid of a guide, as the shifting ground varies with each tide and forms dangerous quicksands. The church has been restored since the despoliation of the First Empire, but its ancient military glory has departed, and we will hope that for evermore the Gospel of Peace may reign supreme and render unnecessary such strongholds for protecting from violence and bloodshed man from his brother-man.

Let us now lift the veil from the Past and see how it contrasts with this peaceful picture of the Present.

Our records take us back to early in the fourth century. Then no building crowned the great rock. Alone, in its stern majesty, it reared its mighty head toward the clouds; no waves encircled it as now, for it stood in the centre of an immense forest, and was called *Teruba*, and also *Belenus*, the name given by the Gauls and Druids to their sun-god.

There was founded a college of nine Druidesses, and we may imagine the mystic sisterhood, in their flowing white robes and heads covered with flowers, gathering, by the light of the moon, the sacred mistletoe with their golden sickles. Here, too, came many a mariner to implore the head of this college for a favorable augury for his voyage and to receive from her a sacred arrow, which was supposed to possess the virtue of stilling tempests if cast into the sea by the youngest sailor on shipboard. This is the first authenticated mention we have of Mount Belenus, but traditionary lore carries us still further back into the lands of romance and the Knights of the Round Table, and reciting the story of King Arthur, Lancelot, and Elaine, points to the northern rock as the tomb of that hapless maiden.

Then came the Romans, overrunning every part of the then-known world, and expelling the

Druids, they built and dedicated an altar on the rock to Jupiter and changed its name into *Mons Jovis*, or *Mont Jove*. They, in their turn, were pushed aside by the advance of Christianity and gave place to a few poor hermits of the new faith, who, like the martins, made for themselves little cells in the solid rock, and living like these birds, "without thought of the morrow," were, with them, equally cared for by Him "who seeth even the fall of a sparrow."

One day the sea arose in its might and over-swept its bounds, submerging the forest and neighboring country and forming of the lonely rock a still more lonely island.

A celebrated French scientist, Monsieur de la Fruglaye, has discovered under the firm, white sand traces of "a very ancient and abundant vegetation—whole trees thrown in every direction—yews, oaks, huge trunks, and green mosses. Beneath this layer the soil appears to be that of meadows, with reeds, rushes, etc. Here all the plants are undisturbed and in a vertical position, and the roots of the ferns still have their downy covering."

What a curious parallel can we draw between this picture of death and violence hidden by a smiling Nature and the horrible subterranean dungeons of the rock, resounding with the groans of miserable prisoners and overarched by the grand cathedral, with its holy monks and walls echoing their pious chants.

In the year 708 A. D., in the reign of Childebert II, of France, St. Aubert, the first Bishop of Avranches (the small town on the mainland and opposite the Mount) had a vision. The Archangel Michael appeared to him and commanded him to build a church upon the Mount. On St. Aubert objecting that it would be impossible to lay a foundation for a building on the rock, the angel replied that he must climb the mountain, and upon reaching a certain spot should stamp his foot, when he would find that the difficulty would be overcome. This command the pious Bishop fulfilled to the letter, and a large block of stone became detached and rolled into the sea. Upon this spot was built a church and dedicated to St. Michael, and here also was founded a monastery of clerks regular.

This monastery is an extremely interesting one. We first enter the Refectory, an immense hall in the Gotho-Roman style, impressive by its vast size, and immediately over it is the "Hall of Knights," a wonderful relic of the eleventh century, whose roof rests upon graceful pillars. This hall leads into the cloisters, a perfect marvel of architectural beauty, with its innumerable and graceful pillars, some of which stand separately, while others are clustered together in sheaves. Passing through these interesting places and traversing corridor after corridor until almost bewildered, we finally enter an underground passage

cut through the solid rock. No daylight penetrates this black and gloomy place; the air itself seems lifeless and an awful feeling of desolation oppresses the most courageous spirit. At last we perceive a dull, yellow glimmer, and pressing toward it we find ourselves in a sort of hall, with numerous doors of immense strength opening into it and a flight of irregular stone steps ascending from it. Around, above, on every side, frowns the cruel granite, no sound breaks the horrible silence, and over all is the dim, yellow light, so awful in its effect that one does not care to ask from whence it comes. Over the entrance to this place, as over only one other, can be appropriately placed Dante's inscription:

"Through me ye pass the mournful city's door,
Through me ye go to never-ending woe,
Through me are with the lost for evermore.

* * * * *

O ye who enter here! leave hope behind."

But before touching on the account of these dreadful dungeons let us briefly review the historical interest attaching to the church and monastery, which rapidly assumed much importance as a place of resort for worship and penance. It was taken under the especial protection of the Dukes of Normandy by Duke Richard I, who enlarged and made of it an abbey of the Order of St. Benedict.

In 1002 or 1003 it was nearly destroyed by fire and restored by Duke Richard II, who built the crypt, a large, subterranean vault of two chambers, upheld by massive pillars, the roof of which, in its turn, supports the whole two stories of architecture above.

It was not long before the church became too small for the numerous pilgrims who flocked hither, and a new one was constructed by the Abbot Raoul in 1048, and was added to at different times by several of his successors.

Here, in 1091, was laid the scene of a fratricidal struggle between the sons of William the Conqueror—Henry, the youngest, being besieged in the fortress, and finally captured by his brothers, Robert and William; and during the wars that followed between France and England, Mont Saint-Michel became the scene of many bloody conflicts. In 1350 it was struck by lightning and set on fire, from the effects of which it suffered severely, but was restored by the generosity of Philip of Valois to more than its former splendor.

Early in the fifteenth century Abbot Jolivet surrounded the town with strong fortifications, which did good service shortly afterward in enabling the brave D'Estouteville and his handful of comrades to successfully defend against the English the post intrusted to them.

In the religious wars that followed, Mont Saint-Michel was attacked several times by the Huguenots, and on one occasion, disguised as pilgrims,

they gained an entrance into the town and surprised the monks at their devotions. But their triumph was short-lived, as—being but a small band and disappointed in their reinforcements—they were obliged to surrender to the townspeople, who rose *en masse* and came to the rescue of the monks.

Mont Saint-Michel was for centuries the favorite pilgrimage of the Kings of France, and more than one royal penitent has bowed his kingly head before the altar of its cathedral with remorse for past sins and obtained absolution for those about to be committed. Here, also, were celebrated the nuptials of Duke Richard II of Normandy and the Princess Judith of Brittany, and here Henry II of England received the French King, Louis II, with royal pomp.

A splinter of the true cross and two thorns from the crown of our Saviour were presented to the abbey by Philip the Fair on his return from Palestine, and numerous other tokens of protection and reverence were bestowed on this hoary place by the French Kings. But these monarchs did not merely content themselves with worshiping, for they made use of the underground dungeons as instruments of cruelty and oppression.

In one of these dungeons can be seen the famous wooden cage in which Louis XIV confined the unfortunate Dubourg, a Dutch journalist, who presumed to criticise the policy of the "Magnificent Monarch." This cage is from twelve to fourteen feet broad and composed of heavy, wooden beams only three inches apart. It was so narrow that a man could not turn in it, and so low that he could not stand upright, and it was in this dreadful instrument of torture that the wretched man passed his days until released by death.

During the reign of the first Napoleon the monks were driven out and the place laid in ruins, and afterward, in the time of the Third Empire, it was turned into a bastille. Day after day the pitiless stone stairs echoed to the footsteps of wretched men who had been torn from their families and consigned to this living tomb. Many a poor wretch, as he entered the frowning portal, has turned one last, despairing look at the blessed light of heaven, which he felt he was never to see again.

What a fearful ladder to climb in order to reach the object of ambition!—a ladder, indeed, whose every step was composed of a murdered fellow-being, and which dripped with innocent blood.

Let us, then, think rather of Mont Saint-Michel as it now is: Discrowned, dismantled, almost in ruins, but with a nobler work progressing in its midst than was ever dreamed of in that old Past, when, in all its magnificence, it reared its blood-stained crest in proud defiance of those laws of Justice and Mercy it had so often seen outraged.

H. S. ATWATER.

PEASANT WOMAN OF UPPER AUSTRIA, 1626.

THE same coarse, simple clothing characterizes the costume of the women as well as the men at this period. An old pictorial representation of a christening, preserved in Kremsmünster Abbey, served as a foundation to the illustration

the chest. They wear a large, white apron over the skirt, trimmed at the bottom with thread lace; the wedding apron, a custom still prevalent in many places. Around the neck is a stiff frill, smaller and with narrower plaits than those worn by the men. The usual kerchief is bound round the head, and over this is a high, black, felt hat, with a very broad brim. The feet [are] covered



before us. The costume consists of rather a long skirt made of a dark, woolen material and a tight-fitting jacket of the same color, with basques. The sleeves resemble those of the men, plaited and wide at the elbow. The ornaments on the jacket consist of buttons covered with network and strings, also a plait of gold or silver braid across

with red or blue woolen stockings and low, open leather shoes. The peasant woman carries a linen pocket-handkerchief and a hymn-book in one hand; in the other the so-called Joger—a kind of leather-bag, with embroidered ornaments. The shape somewhat resembles a fireman's pail. These little bags are still in use in our day.

BIRD LIFE.

HOW happy must be the life of a bird! What freedom it enjoys! What strength must reside in the delicate wing, which, with the greatest amount of nervous and muscular power proportioned to the smallest extent of space, sustains and propels the soaring creature, passing to a height beyond the range of any human eye to follow and which, though in constant activity perhaps through every hour of the day, never tires. And what ecstasy must be embodied within that tiny minstrel, whose only voice is song.

Birds, birds; happy birds everywhere! The green earth, the roaring sea, the cloud-capped mountains, the bowery woods, the reedy lakes, the

they search for needed food, apparently calling nothing "common or unclean" that may aid in nutrition and growth. No height seems higher than they can mount, no depth deeper than they can descend. And whether in daring flight or lowly repose, whether in day's brightest glare or evening's softest shades, how often they pour out, as it were, their very souls in floods of music.

And, like thoughts, too, consider how they rest. They brood longest over what they love most. Whether upon almost inaccessible heights, like the eagle; about the habitations of mankind, like the swallow; amid the wild loveliness of nature, like the wood-robin; or by the rippling freshness of rivers, like the swan, the varied thoughts of



tropic islands, the glittering ice-fields, the desert sands, all seem literally bird kingdoms, whose plumed citizens occupy the land, water, and air as though they alone were the true owners and man an impertinent intruder. Birds possess the whole world as human thoughts the entire universe.

How like human thoughts they are! They may not comprehend the extent of their domain, nor a tithe of all the existences comprised within it any more than man's thoughts can really take cognizance of all that they may approach. But consider for a moment birds and thoughts! How they dart hither and thither, never still! How unceasingly they seek material with which to build, each structure corresponding with the intelligence which created it. How diligently, amid every variety of elements, attractive or otherwise,

man find congenial abiding places. A bird, in short, seems simply an incarnate thought, a living idea with a visible form.

Happy birds! They have their enemies, no doubt—subtle serpents, rapacious men, and, alas that it should be so! foes of their own kind. Nevertheless, beholding their rare plumage and swift flight and listening to their sweet notes, who does not feel constrained to exclaim, bird life is beauty, freedom, and song! B.

BEAUTY in itself is no doubt a great thing; but the beauty of garment, house, and furniture is tawdry, after all, compared with domestic love. All the elegance and grandeur in the world will not make a home.

CURIOUS CLOCKS.

"L'éternité est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!"

JACQUES BRIDAINE.

THE "Old Clock on the Stairs" of Craigie House still ticks on, but he who was wont to note its movements and hours has passed to the

"Forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear.
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly:

'Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

"Half way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands"—

this curious, ancient, honored clock. As you ascend the steps you are confronted by its tall, oaken case and quaintly carved cornice. It rests upon a square formed by the stairs turning to the right, in the form of two sides of a triangle, to the left of the window and hall chandelier. A similar clock stands in the library near Mr. Longfellow's chair and table—similar, but of less elaborate workmanship.

Curious—this mechanism that is not life, yet measures life to the ultimate fraction of a second! Time, that all-absorbing, never-resting element, impartially meted to beggar or king; calendar of the sweet breath of infancy, the bounding pulse of youth, the rapt aspiration of life's prime, the summons to that evening gate which ends in shadow, yet opens to light immortal!

We cage this viewless power in instruments of cunning workmanship, and, though it obey their rhythm, it is free as air or light and performs its purpose with the same mysterious persistence. Doubtless, clocks may be classed among the most curious of recorded inventions.

In the year 1812 one Don Monsen Chavarri constructed a marvelous clock, which, by means of automatic figures, illustrated the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon. In these later days and phrases, the inventor of this piece of mechanism would perhaps be designated a "crank." At all events, he was possessed of a modest ambition to kill the Emperor. It is said that he "haunted the palace like a spectre;" but one day, when Napoleon was returning from the review, a pistol shot whistled along the avenue of the Rue de Rivoli and buried itself in a panel of the imperial carriage. Among the number arrested was the Spaniard, Chavarri. In the absence of proof he was acquitted, but warned to immediately leave the empire. About two years after this occurrence reports began to circulate as to the wonder-

ful clock designed as a present to the Emperor. The artisan and his daughter abided in humble quarters, and little or nothing was positively known of their history. One morning Fouché, the famous French Minister of the Police, received a letter from Spain containing some startling developments. His cheek paled while perusing the dread missive, and rushing down the stairs, he sprung into a passing fiacre.

"To the Tuileries!" he shouted. "Double wages for double speed."

He demanded instant admission to the presence of the Emperor, but as there was some delay in the ante-room, he pushed open the folding doors and entered unannounced.

The sequel of the story is related with peculiar eloquence.

Fouché took in the situation at a single glance. Besides Napoleon, there were five persons in the room. Four of these were officials of the palace—chamberlains and armed valets, who frequently attended when he gave audience to prevent attempts at private assassination. The fifth was a man habited in a common workman's blouse, standing apart from the others in a respectful attitude and holding in his hand a workman's cap. It needed but a glance to assure Fouché that this person was none other than the old familiar goblin of the Tuileries, Don Monsen Chavarri. But how metamorphosed! His hair, formerly gray, was dyed to a glossy blackness; his face was despoiled of its moustache and pointed beard, and his once smooth hands were roughened, as though by exposure and toil. At his side stood a large lacquer table supporting an object on which Fouché's attention was immediately fixed. This was seen at once to be the exact model of the church of Notre Dame, wrought in metal, of the highest style of art, and serving evidently as the case for a clock, since just above the folding doors, which were perfect imitations of those which barred the principal entrance of Notre Dame, were two dials, on one of which the hours and minutes were measured, while on the other a long, sweeping hand described the seconds. Fouché, by natural impulse, noticed the time indicated by the dials. It lacked a few minutes of noon. Immediately thereafter he started with nervous alarm as the clock gave a warning note, as though about to strike. Then, suddenly there was a clank of complicated machinery and the great doors folded slowly inward, exposing the whole gorgeous interior to view. The mimic church was decorated, as though for some great fête. Banners and hangings of the richest material and most costly workmanship fluttered from the ceilings and flaunted from the niches in the walls. The aisles were carpeted with tapestry and velvet and the pillars were clustered with gold and gems. On the opposite side of the great nave two thrones were erected,

the one being approached by a flight of velvet-covered steps, and canopied with cloth of gold and scarlet and velvet sprinkled with golden bees. And now the great bell in the tower struck once with a heavy, reverberating clang. There arose a swell of triumphant music and a mimic procession clad in gorgeous robes moved into view from one of the hidden aisles. At the head of this cortege walked an old man wearing a triple crown, who, as the bell tolled for the second time, ascended the steps of the smaller throne. It was the coronation performed by automatons.

Napoleon looked on with unusual interest.

"Confess, Fouché," said he, "that this is as admirable in its way as the police system of Paris. There is one mistake, however," he continued; "the great doors of Notre Dame were not open on that occasion. The throne was built against them, and the only entrance was through the transverse halls."

"True, Sire," said the fictitious artisan, casting a side glance at Fouché. "True, but your Majesty will see that it is a mistake unavoidable here. Like the rest of the world, we have been obliged to sacrifice truth in order to secure effect."

The Emperor smiled and remained silent. Meanwhile Fouché was revolving a dilemma in his mind with the rapidity of one accustomed to act in a dangerous crisis. There are situations in which a slight vantage in the hands of a dangerous man may set at naught the strength of thousands, and in which the most extraordinary means must be used to secure what are apparently trifling results. Fouché adopted the course which at first seemed the most specially practicable, since the consideration of first importance was, in this instance, time.

"Your Majesty," said he, advancing and speaking rapidly, "may I request your immediate attendance in your cabinet for a matter of the utmost consequence—a matter which will not permit of a moment's delay?"

The Emperor turned in surprise and frowned. Chavarri looked up sullenly and silently, and made a suspicious movement toward his clock. With the rapidity of thought Fouché changed his plans.

"Your Majesty," said he, loudly and more rapidly than before, "Lady Isadore Chavarri has just been arrested near the Cemetery of Montmartre, charged with a capital crime. She has already been tried by a special tribunal and condemned to death. I come to implore your Majesty to grant her pardon."

As he spoke, he fixed an intent, searching gaze upon the Spaniard. This time the bolt had struck. The old man's tawny face was taking on a sickly hue and his limbs trembled.

"This is a most unusual proceeding," said the

Emperor, in amazement. "Who is this lady, and what is the nature of her crime?"

Fouché, bent double with suspense, still keeping his eye riveted upon the tawny, changing face, spoke almost imploringly:

"You have trusted me before, Sire; I beseech you to trust me now! Ask me no questions, but write the pardon."

There was an instant of silence broken only by the ticking and low music of the clock. The second hand was measuring of the sixtieth minute with rapid, steady sweep. Almost unconsciously Fouché drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked it unobserved, and, with a face as that of a corpse, was raising it to fire, with a cry to the Emperor on his lips, when Chavarri, whose mind seemed torn by contending emotions, bent suddenly over his mechanism, touched a spring concealed in the rear of the tower, and instantly the whole complicated machinery of the clock stopped with a sudden metallic clang. The music ceased, the automatons paused, standing like statues, each in his place; the mimic Emperor stretched out his hand for the crown of the Caesars, and the great bell in the tower paused midway in its swing for the twelfth and final stroke.

"*Parbleu!*" muttered Fouché, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Allow me, Monsieur," he said, "to inspect this wonderful specimen of art."

"It is so delicate, Monsieur," said Chavarri, hurriedly, still keeping his finger on the secret spring and warning Fouché off with his unengaged hand.

"Here is the pardon," said the Emperor, affixing his signature to a paper as he spoke. "I hold you, Fouché, responsible for results. Well, what next?"

"Our worthy friend's clock is broken, it appears," said Fouché.

"Broken, Sire," said the Spaniard, "and with it the plans of a lifetime. And," he added, casting down his eyes and speaking in a querulous, broken voice, "since when one's hopes are broken one cares but little where he goes, I wish a passport to leave France."

Fouché took up the cue immediately. "I have to request, Sire," said he, "that you also make out a full and free pardon for the accomplice of the Lady Isadore Chavarri—her father, Don Monsen Chavarri, of Seville."

The Emperor smiled bitterly. His active mind had already compassed the situation, and, without a word either of expostulation or inquiry, he seized a pen and wrote. Having finished and signed the double pardon, he advanced with it in his hand.

"Our friend here," said he, "doubtless knows where these persons are to be found, and to him I confide these papers."

The old man, still jealously keeping his hand on the spring of the mechanism, read aloud :

"A full permission to Don Monsen and Isadore Chavarri to leave France immediately, without hindrance or question."

"Add," said he, "'and alive.'"

"You would have made a good diplomatist," said Napoleon, as he made the required addition.

Chavarri hesitated a moment, removed his hand lingeringly from the spring, and, bowing his head, glided toward the door. Just upon the threshold he turned in sudden dismay.

"Where shall I find my daughter?" he asked.

"When she is found we will send Monsieur word," sneered Fouché.

An expression of the most intense malignity passed across the old man's face, and with an oath he sprang toward the table in the room. But a pistol confronted him.

"The pardons are forfeited," said Fouché.

"No," said the Emperor, "let him pass."

Chavarri, with a look of wonder, wheeled slowly about and disappeared.

After his departure Napoleon stood for a short time in the centre of the apartment, in a profound reverie. Then, as his gaze fell upon the clock and the automaton standing beneath the suspended crown within, he bent forward and regarded the figure attentively.

"So," he said, "this was to have been my successor."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the clock proved, on examination, to be an infernal machine of the most ingenious and deadly description. Concealed beneath the metallic slab which formed the pavement of the mimic chapel and which was constructed to fold back at the proper moment, was found a triple row of small, wrought-iron barrels, loaded heavily with slug and balls, arranged to cover an arc of forty-five degrees, at a distance of twenty yards from the machine. No one within that range could possibly have withstood their discharge, intended to explode simultaneously, exactly when the hands on the dial indicated the hour of noon. The inventor of this diabolical piece of mechanism had resolved to sacrifice his own life with that of the Emperor, and only the life of his daughter—the Lady Isadore—could have turned him from his purpose. The clock remained for many years in the Tuileries, but was finally destroyed accidentally by fire.

MRS. C. I. BAKER.

LIFE is a comedy to him who thinks, and a tragedy to him who feels.—*Horace Walpole*.

ONE loses all the time which he can employ better.—*Rousseau*.

MAN makes the periods in a child's life; woman, the commas.—*Jean Paul*.

PREHISTORIC MAN IN AMERICA.

TRACES of the aboriginal tribes that dwelt near the Atlantic coast of the North American continent are found chiefly in the stone hatchets and arrow-heads still scattered over the land and occasionally turned up by the plow, and the immense heaps of oyster-shells found at various places along the seaboard. These rude implements of warfare are evidently relics of a stone age before primitive man became acquainted with the use of any metal, thus indicating that their date must be placed in antiquity far beyond the era of the modern Indian, as we know him. The beds of oyster-shells are interesting from the fact that the shells were opened in a manner never practiced by any people of recent ages. The oyster was removed from between the two shells without breaking the separate pieces apart. Probably this was done by the fingers. Fire was not employed to separate the edges, for these are never calcined. An implement of wood or stone could not have been used, for these same edges are never cracked nor broken.

But these remains are scanty ones. We must pass into Western Pennsylvania and Ohio before we reach those which are worthy to be ranked as remarkable antiquities. The eastern part of the Mississippi Valley is the region of the Mound-Builders. In this part of the continent these tumuli, or mounds, are so numerous that it is estimated that there are ten thousand in the State of Ohio alone.

It was at first supposed that these were natural hillocks; but next it was noticed that some of these hillocks were in the shapes of perfect circles, squares, and parallelograms. It was no uncommon thing to find a mound forming a square and one beside it forming a circle, each inclosing exactly the same area as the other; as, for instance, a square twenty-three acres in extent and a circle twenty-three acres in extent. Excavations soon determined that these earthen structures were built by the hand of man.

Who built them? Not the Indian. The Indian has never shown himself capable of any prolonged effort, unless taught by the Caucasian. Besides, it takes no small mathematical knowledge to construct a circle and a square of exactly the same area. The Indian knows nothing of mathematics; and according to the traditions of the Indians themselves, the mounds existed as to-day before their fathers came into possession of the country. The tumuli must be considered, then, the work of an older race. But their age, in spite of all the learning and investigation that have been bestowed upon them, is still uncertain. The best paper ever yet written upon the subject was by President Harrison before he became President. He attempted to fix their precise place in time by deter-

mining the ages of the oldest trees growing upon them, counting the rings of growth according to the method generally practiced. Some of these trees are at least eight hundred years old. But this does not settle the question finally. It has been suggested that even these ancient trees now remaining may have succeeded still older ones long since withered away. This supposition seems probable, when we learn that trees quite as aged have been discovered growing upon refuse thrown out by prehistoric men from their mines—of which last more hereafter.

These mounds may be classified as mounds of burial, mounds of worship, mounds of defense, and mounds of observation.

The mounds of burial, when excavated, are generally found to have near the centre a vault about six feet square. This vault is either of wood or rough-hewn stone. Some of the mounds containing wooden vaults have caved in near the middle point, in consequence of the decay of the long-buried timbers. One of these vaults usually entombs two skeletons—one of a man, the other of a woman. Outside the vault, arranged in a circle, are found the charred bones of human beings, and beyond these, in another circle, the remains of horses or other animals. This will suggest to the student of history the description given by Herodotus of the burials of the ancient Scythian* kings. When a king died, his wife was put to death and prepared for burial with him. Next his cook, his butler, and his favorite servants were also slain, and their remains laid in a circle around those of their master and mistress. Then his horses were disposed of in the same manner, their bodies forming another circle. Finally a tumulus of earth was raised over all. This will also recall Homer's account of the burial of Achilles and Ajax during the Trojan War, when the Greek warriors raised over the dead heroes a mound made of the earth brought in their shields. The fact of these ancient remains agreeing so closely with these ancient writings seems to point to some remote connection of those early American people with the prehistoric inhabitants of Asia.

In these mounds of burial are sometimes found a great number of stone or clay implements. In one may be a quantity of arrow-heads; in another, hatchets; in another, clay pipes; but it is a curious circumstance that no two articles of a different kind are ever found together.

In the centre of the mounds of worship are clay altars, sometimes covering an area of more than a yard square. The altar, of hard-baked clay, is generally concave, evidently showing that it once contained fire. Charred human remains scattered around seem to point to human sacrifice

* The Scythians were a race of semi-barbarous people inhabiting the regions of Europe and Asia near the Black and Caspian Seas.

as part of this ancient religion. It is probable that these people worshiped the sun, as primitive nations have done in all ages.

The mounds of defense are regular fortifications of earthwork. Strange as it may seem, they are all in the most available places that could be chosen by modern engineers. The largest of these, of surprising height and extent, is in Illinois, on the Mississippi River, opposite St. Louis.

The mounds of observation are perhaps more wonderful than any. They extend in a regular line from Lake Erie, southwesterly to the Mississippi, near Memphis. They are so near together that throughout the whole length of the line two are always in sight of each other. Signal-fires could thus be readily seen, and in an incredibly short space of time news flashed from one point to another for hundreds of miles.

Passing further north—toward the great lakes, and especially in the State of Wisconsin—we find the remarkable animal mounds. These are sometimes of enormous extent, their dimensions being measured by hundreds of feet. In shape they are like the figure of an animal. One is an immense eagle, with outspread wings and talons; another is a perfect elephant, trunk and all; a third is a gigantic serpent, having in its mouth an egg. The question naturally rises: What did these people know of an elephant, an animal never found in a wild state out of Asia or Africa? What did they know of that wonderful belief in the mystic union of the serpent and the egg, so common among Asiatic nations?

These mounds are not composed all of the same kind of earth: that is, one mound is made up of small quantities of different materials, evidently brought in quarts—as a quart of sand, a quart of clay, a quart of gravel. This suggests the warriors bringing earth in their shields, as alluded to above. Moreover, this fact, simple as it seems, throws light upon some of the conditions of life among the Mound-Builders. It tells—first, of the enormous amount of labor involved in the construction of these mounds; second, the great number of people employed—hence the immense population of the nation of Mound-Builders; third, the existence of human slavery, as implied by the amount of labor, the number of people, and the evident division of that labor among that people in an infinite amount of petty tasks. And now we are reminded of the Egyptian taskmasters over the Israelites in bondage and the temples and pyramids reared by slave labor.

These people were an agricultural people. How do we know? Because, with such an enormous population, how could they find food, except as the result of their own labor? They must raise a plant that would sustain them, and that plant, without doubt, was Indian corn. One acre covered with maize will yield more nourishment than

thousands of acres merely overrun with wild game. As to the Indian corn itself, it has been cultivated so long that it has become entirely dependent upon man for its existence, and no botanist can tell the original form of the plant from which it sprung. But every botanist knows that a wild plant must be cultivated many years before it takes on any new variations as the result of cultivation. Indian corn, as the Indians first knew it, was a cultivated plant. These people also probably used tobacco, as this plant, like corn, has been cultivated beyond the memory of man.

These people had a commerce. When the Jesuit missionaries first went among the Indians they found in nearly every Indian family a piece of pure, native copper. But, in answer to the questions of the missionaries as to where they got the copper, the Indians could say nothing. These pieces of copper had been heirlooms in their families for generations, but that was all they knew. By and by the mounds were discovered and excavated, and in some of these were found more of these pieces of copper. But over the buried skeletons were often found plates of mica, and with them also pieces of a peculiar green stone resembling emeralds. New questions arose. Whence did they come? Finally copper-mines were discovered near Lake Superior, mica-mines in North Carolina, and deposits of the green stone in Canada, and all of these had been worked before. The mysteries were explained. The Mound-Builders knew of the mineral wealth of their country and carried its products from one end of its extent to the other. According to the age in which they lived, they seem to have attained a certain degree of civilization—one far surpassing that reached by the Indians of later days.

The Mound-Builders seem to have occupied the central portion of the continent, extending their dominions northwest to the head waters of the Missouri. Passing further south, we lose sight of them, and reaching the Colorado and its branches suddenly find traces of another primitive race. When white men first explored the great cañons of the Colorado they gazed up at the precipitous walls, three and four hundred feet in height, and fancied that they saw numbers of swallows' nests, but after awhile they noticed little niches cut in the rock, one above the other, like a rude ladder, and scrambling up with difficulty to the height of two hundred feet or more they found that the apparent swallows' nests were in reality human habitations. Here, hundreds of feet below the ground and hundreds of feet above the water, men and women had dwelt secure from their enemies, being quite able to defend themselves at the head of the perilous stairway by which they had ascended. Some of these caves cut in the side of the towering rock are but a few feet in extent, others of enormous size. One, constituting a town in itself,

contains twelve hundred small rooms, divided by stone partitions. So far, only one skeleton has been found, and concerning this nothing certain can be known. But in these caves has been discovered the most beautiful pottery, in delicacy of form and chasteness of decoration fairly rivaling the Etruscan or early Greek. The Indian is incapable of making anything of the kind; in fact, he knows nothing about the cliff-dwellers, not even by tradition, just as his more northern and eastern brethren know nothing of the Mound-Builders.

In Arizona and New Mexico we find the Pueblo Indians, who are probably not Indians at all. They profess to be the descendants of an older race, possibly the Aztecs. They have their traditions, which tell of an illustrious past; they have their antiquities all around them. Unlike Indians, they live in towns or villages, the houses of which are built of adobes (or sun-dried bricks). They cannot tell who invented this mode of building—it was always known among their nation. The Spaniards adopted it from them, not they from the Spaniards. As we pass southward into Mexico, we approach the region of authentic history, for as late as the sixteenth century a remnant of an ancient, highly civilized people was still living in this part of the North American continent. Prescott's fascinating *History of the Conquest of Mexico* ought now be eagerly read by every student.

When this work first appeared it was criticised as improbable, but recent researches are fast proving that Prescott was right, that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Prescott's work, then, is still the standard authority regarding the history of the Aztecs.

We know that the ancient capital of Mexico was a splendid city, that the people dwelt in comfortable houses, were well-clad, and had made considerable progress in the useful arts; that they wrote in hieroglyphics, or a species of picture-writing, with a remarkable degree of skill, and that their king and many of their wealthier citizens were possessed of gold in abundance. Of their religion we know little, because the accounts that we have are so distorted by the bigotry of the Spaniards, but we believe that the Aztecs acknowledged one Supreme Being and two hundred inferior deities; that they regarded these gods as cruel and revengeful and sought to propitiate them by human sacrifice.

The Aztecs cultivated cotton and wove a sort of coarse cotton cloth. Upon this they executed that beautiful feather embroidery described by the Spaniards, which formed the robes of their kings, but owing to the illiberality and short-sightedness of the Spanish conquerors this exquisite work became one of the lost arts of mankind. The hieroglyphics and all possible knowledge of them also perished. The Archbishop of Mexico,

fearing that they might contain something inspired by the Evil One, ordered all the Aztec manuscripts to be gathered together in one pile in the public square of the city and set on fire. Could ignorance and bigotry go further?

Throughout the country of Mexico enormous truncated pyramids and ruined cities excite our wonder. As we go southward toward Central America our wonder increases. These ancient cities, incredible in number, surpass in splendor all those of the Old World. Every day new discoveries are made. Excavations only show beneath the oldest known cities still older ones.

Some of the magnificent palaces are of granite, decorated with curious and beautiful carvings. Unlike those of Egypt, these ruins are adorned with figures in relief instead of sunken ones. Fancy a prehistoric people able to carve raised work upon granite! All around the four walls of one splendid hall are entwined two monstrous serpents. We hear of a floor covered with a pavement of four hundred granite blocks, upon each of which is a raised tortoise. Four blocks are so arranged that the heads of four tortoises come together, forming a sort of pattern. Amid all these wonderful carvings it is remarkable that there is no war scene depicted, nor among the ruins has there ever yet been found any implements of warfare. This seems to show that the inhabitants of these cities were a weak, passive people, easily conquered by their enemies.

But they excelled in the arts of peace. They had good drainage and a good water supply, and these facts bespeak a high degree of civilization. Many of the so-called lakes of Central America are now found to be artificial reservoirs, but in the lapse of ages their borders have become so overgrown with tropic vegetation that only recently has their real character been discovered.

Among these remains is found the arch, which, we all know, is generally considered to have been invented by the Etruscans or Romans. This, however, is not the Roman, but the Gothic arch, with pointed top. The inscriptions upon the walls are not in picture-writing, but in alphabetic characters, indicating that these people were more learned than the Aztecs. The ancient manuscripts of Central America were destroyed by the Archbishop of this territory in precisely the same manner as were those of Mexico, but before committing the former to the flames the Archbishop recorded the alphabet, so there is still hope that we may yet be able to decipher the inscriptions upon these granite walls. Quite recently a Frenchman professed his ability to do so—perhaps, then, we are on the eve of learning more of these cities of Central America.

One great obstacle in the way of research has been, so far, the rank tropic vegetation. Towns

founded perhaps more than a hundred years ago have existed until now within half a mile of one of these cities of antiquity, and yet the people of the former never suspected the latter's existence.

We think we know all about our continent. But we know comparatively nothing. Every year new expeditions sent out return with the tidings of new discoveries, which, so far from settling old questions, only give rise to new ones. We know almost as little as ever concerning prehistoric man in America.

Again and again has it been asked, "How came man into America in the first place?" The earliest theory was that the aboriginal inhabitants of the Western Continent were the ten lost tribes of Israel. Previous to the discovery of the New World, philosophic writers were puzzled as to what had become of these ten tribes. When it was learned that there were men in America these writers cried, "There they are," and produced ponderous volumes in the effort to prove it. But this theory rests upon such slight evidence that it is now generally abandoned.

Quite recently, Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia, put forth the hypothesis, founded upon his investigations in craniology, that man was originally created upon this continent. He bases his belief upon certain measurements of human skulls, and classifies them as *long* and *short*. But, still more recently, scientists of Copenhagen have shown that Dr. Morton did not reach the right conclusions. The *long skull* is the type of Asiatic nations; the *short*, of European.

When Darwin's theory was first published people said, "Oh! man developed from an ape in this country just as he did elsewhere." But, alas! Darwin himself has said that man did not develop from a broad-nosed, but from a narrow-nosed ape. So, if man ever sprang from an ape at all, it was not upon this continent, for there never was a narrow-nosed ape here.

What do the traditions of the Aztecs say? That they came from the north; that their fathers passed through a cold country before they reached the fertile central plain; that there they found the Mound-Builders, whom they called the Toltecs, and the Toltecs taught them all of civilization that they knew. The Toltecs professed to have come from the east; that they were already weakened in the early days of the Aztecs, and the latter nation saw the former pass away. As if to confirm this, it is found that the Aztecs have long skulls, like the Asiatic nations, and the Toltecs short ones, like the Europeans. Certain tribes of Central America, whose degree of civilization will compare favorably with that of the Aztecs, also speak (or spoke) of their eastern origin, and these, like the Toltecs, have short skulls.

All this, especially the fact that both types of skull are found in America, seems to point both to

the east and the west as the points from which the original inhabitants of the country came. The belief of the Aztecs in their coming from the north and passing through a cold country may indicate that their forefathers crossed over from Asia by way of Behring's Strait, which is but thirty miles wide. Not far south of this is the great chain of the Aleutian Islands, extending from one continent to the other, along which the Esquimaux can paddle in their canoes and not be out of sight of land two days. Even now the inhabitants of Asia and America pass backward and forward, both across the strait and along the islands, and consider it an every-day affair. So, it is not hard to account for a prehistoric migration from the northwest.

But, at first sight, it is not so easy to account for the migration from the east. Still, facts have been made public of late years, which, though seeming to have no connection with this subject, are now found to form, as it were, links in a chain of evidence. You have heard of the lost Atlantis. In common with most of us, you have treated it as poetic fiction—so much so that until lately any one who professed a belief in the existence of the ancient continent laid himself open to ridicule. An Egyptian priest told Strabo that it was generally believed in Africa that at a remote age, corresponding to about 9000 B. C., a great continent existed in the Atlantic Ocean; but it was visited by an earthquake and sunk in one night. Strabo recorded it, and this is all the world knew of the lost Atlantis. But when we go to the West Indies and investigate the traditions of the Caribs, we find that they also tell of a great island which, far beyond the memory of any man living, was visited by an earthquake and sunk in one night.

We have all grown familiar with the Atlantic cable. But there was a time when it was a question whether or not it was possible to lay a cable. The United States Government sent out a vessel called the Dolphin, the business of whose commander was to make soundings in the bed of the Atlantic Ocean. He discovered that, running south in a straight line from the terminal point of Greenland, was a ridge rising many feet nearer the surface of the water than the deep bottom on either side. This ridge was named the Dolphin Rise.

The English and German Governments, not to be outdone, sent their vessels to explore along the line of this Dolphin Rise. Next it was discovered that, nearly opposite Florida, this ridge divided into two portions, one running southeast toward the coast of Africa, terminating near the Cape Verd Islands; the other, southwest toward the islands of the West Indies. It was furthermore discovered, from the soundings and dredgings upon the top of the Dolphin Rise, that a condition of things existed which could only be

explained upon the supposition that its surface had once been exposed above the water. The candid inquirer seems forced to the conclusion that the long-lost Atlantis has been found. And if the dry land of this ancient continent extended to within such a short distance of Africa on the east and America on the west, what more natural than to suppose that it formed a bridge for the passage of roving eastern nations?

The North American Continent, then, was probably peopled both from the east and the west. When, we know not, for we can put little reliance upon the supposed age of recently discovered skeletons. But newly found facts seem to confirm, in a striking manner, the long-held belief that mankind originated in the highlands of America; that the human family divided into two streams, one turning eastward, the other westward. So they continued, even in prehistoric ages, to pass on in opposite directions around the world, until they met, portions of those streams at least, upon this continent. America then, as now, was the grand gathering place of nations.

OLD-TIME VOICES.

THE air is laden with fragrance
Where apple blossoms fall,
And wonderful vines with hidden sweets
Are climbing the garden wall;
While the good, old-fashioned flowers
Our mother loved so well
Are filling my heart with the bloom of youth,
Like some sweet but mystic spell.

The breath of the plummy lilac
Comes fresh from the homestead gate,
And the spicy, rare sweet-william,
Like an echo, lies in wait;
While a host of flutelike voices
Sweep over the bridge of years,
And I dream the dreams of a merry child,
With April smiles and tears.

O mother, sisters, and brothers!
Just over the jasper sea,
Come back with the early spring-time
And linger awhile with me;
The fountain of youth we'll open
And fold our griefs away,
Weaving our hidden memories
Into a perfect day.

There's a touch of old-time beauty
In the sky, the air, and trees,
And the very soul of the olden times
Seems whispering in the trees;
And I sit and smile and wonder
Where the many mansions be;
Shall we meet and gather the lilacs
As we did by the old roof tree?

EULA LEE.

"THAT STUCK-UP MISS FULLER."

ALL the girls at the Hilliard district, away out in the beautiful country, on the road between two shire towns lying twenty miles apart, were vexed badly enough when they heard that the new school-teacher was a Miss Fuller, from Dayton. Now some girls, especially young girls who have not lived long, nor had experience nor the benefit of the society of cultured persons, sometimes think city-bred girls are proud. This is a mistake. There are as many proud girls in the country as there are in the city. But, as we grow older, we incline more and more to believe that there are no really proud people at all. We are very certain that there are none in or about Pottsville.

There is only one woman whom we know that anybody calls proud. We love her. She is handsome, does all her own work but the washing, dresses the best of any woman in the neighborhood, but cuts and fits and makes her own clothes, with occasionally consulting the village dress-maker; gives to the poor liberally, weeps with those who sorrow, walks like a queen, has kind words for every one, and where one would give bread, meat, pie, cake, and apples to a tramp, with a "That's as good as the house affords, my boy—you are very welcome to it," she, the proud woman, would march the tramp up to the table with the thought, "Poor soul, he never gets hot coffee, nor hears the ring of china and silver!"

If she is proud it is a commendable pride, which, after all, is only dignity and nobility of soul.

When Flora Fuller sought to find a boarding place in the Hilliard district no one wanted her. The Beard girls said, "Of course she's stuck-up; we don't want her about."

The Mannings said, "These town girls lie abed late, and we'd rather have her room than her money."

The Hiskey girls said, "Look at her white hands and her crimps, and they say she has no less than three silk dresses, and her walking-jacket is all a-dingle with this, that, and t'other. No, we don't want her sitting up by her window, watching us milking and churning, and maybe sniffing at our red hands and big feet."

Mrs. Howlett had two little children and did her own work, and did not feel able to take another into the family.

Finally, one of the directors set his foot down more in anger than in earnest, and said Miss Fuller should go to his house whether his girls liked it or not, and so she went home with good old Absalom Montague, a man who believed one person was just as good as another if he kept out of jail and out of the poor-house and out of debt, and owed no man anything but good-will.

The Montagues had two grown girls, Mary and Sarah. They slept in a bed-room joining the room of the schoolma'am, and it was a good while before they allowed themselves to be at all friendly with her. If she sat near the door they would hurry past before she would have an opportunity to speak to them. If she walked out in the evening they would be too busy to go with her. When they went to the berry-patch with their baskets and pails they never invited her to go with them. So she sat and knit and crocheted and read, although she longed for the recreation that the girls had. But her good time was coming. A providence provided a way.

One evening good old Absalom Montague was brought home senseless. A wagon loaded with sheaves turned over on the steep hillside and he was thrown with a force that rendered him unconscious, and the load fell on him.

In their grief his daughters forgot that they had builded a wall between themselves and the little school-teacher. All formality was laid aside. Even the mother heeded the suggestions of Flora and watched the steady little hands as they worked under the direction of the physician. During the few days and nights that followed the accident their tearful eyes watched her every step and movement; it was her hand that dropped the anodyne so carefully and turned the cool side of the pillows and loosened the bandage and bathed the bruises and chirruped the tender words of cheer and encouragement.

She knew how to make porridge that had the right taste; how to compound little messes that gave strength and brought back the desire to get well; and she knew, too, the same old-time hymns and spiritual songs that poor old Absalom had heard and loved in his boyhood when they fell from the lips of his mother. It was wonderful, the good that the schoolma'am brought to this stricken family in their hour of need. She was their all in all. And one evening when the father was able to sit at the tea-table, in a big chair with blankets about him, and one arm in a sling hanging useless against his bosom, with a little twinkle in his eyes, the revelation came out.

He could not help it. Flora had just laid a dainty bite on his plate, with all the sincere frankness of one of his own children; she was sitting beside him, and he said, looking at her as though she were a picture or a flower:

"I guess, Miss Flora, I couldn't have got through if you'd not been the doctor's assistant. 'Pears like as if you knowed what to do every time without telling. We've never had any sickness or accidents in the family at all, and our folks were all struck in a heap like an' didn't know where to take holt."

Then Flora said in her widowed mother's family there had always been sickness and need of nurs-

ing, and they had known poverty and want and had often been obliged to practice the closest economy to make a living.

And then, what mischief possessed the poor old father we do not know, but in his own blunt, honest way he told the whole story of why no one wanted to board the school-teacher. She was "from town and was stuck-up."

The girls reddened painfully. The mother grew almost as purple as the swinging bells of the fuchsias, nodding in the breeze that swept in at the window, and the father leaned back in his chair and laughed till his twinkling eyes went shut. Naughty old Absalom! That was not fair.

Then Flora said she was so glad to know it, because it would help her and maybe help them, and it was so good when people fairly understood one another.

There was no more constraint and no more mystery after this.

And this was how it came about that there was freedom in the friendship between the families of the Fullers and the Montagues, and how the "stuck-up little town-girl" became helpful and useful and really necessary to "my Mary" and "my Sarah."

How she did laugh when the girls told her that they were almost afraid of a girl who had three silk dresses and who wore such a nice little cloth jacket and had such pretty things. How could she have them and be poor, was the question that puzzled them.

And one night after they had gone to bed they left the door open between their rooms, and Flora, feeling in talkative mood and all barriers being removed, told them, as Mary said to her mother the next day, "lots of things." Was it possible that the daughter of the poor widow made her pretty clothes out of old things! the beautiful dresses and the jaunty jacket and the fashionable hat and handsome skirt! So she was like other girls, only, as Mother Montague said, "a good deal more so." And she was not above telling others what she had learned and how they might go and do likewise. How glad they were that father had set his foot down and had brought Miss Fuller home with him and made her welcome! That blessed girl!

She told them how she came to have three silk dresses. One, the gray and black check, was her mother's wedding-dress. It was frayed and shabby, but with the help of the dressmaker, who rented one of their upper rooms, she had turned it wrong side out, top to the bottom, back breadths to the front, and, by making it over on a half-worn dark gingham skirt, with the addition of fresh linings, new bindings, buttons and buttonholes instead of the old hooks and eyes, and the white ribbons of her mother's wedding bonnet, dyed a pretty slate color and put on in a bow on the basque, the dress

was really pretty and serviceable, especially for the warm summer days. It was cool and dressy in the afternoons, when she wore the silk skirt with a white polonaise and tied a pink bow among her braids, and clipped a bunch of pansies with geranium leaves into one of the buttonholes or fastened them in with the lace at her throat.

The brown silk dress was most cunningly sham. It was built on brown silecia of the same shade, made very plain, and was the remains of an old silk dress that an aunt gave her, saying, "If that was dyed black it would make nice linings for some thing some day." Flora had often turned it over and held it up to the light and wondered what she could get out of it. It is a long story to tell, but she put this and that together, fortune favored her or she took advantage of possibilities, and finally the brown silk dress blossomed out beautifully. A shirred brown silk bonnet had lain for years among "the things" up-stairs; ripped and carefully pressed, this yielded a nice big piece of shiny silk; a breadth of silk of another shade of brown had been given to her in her childhood among a lot of doll fixings because there was a great dingy spot in it, a place, perhaps, where wine or gravy had been spilt on it and ruined the breadth irrevocably. That square of silk had figured at a great many doll gatherings and parties, had been worn for a shawl, an opera cloak, a veil, a carriage-robe, indeed, had been present on all state occasions for years. But now the fertile brain of the little maid had found where the treasure was needed, where it would serve the place of a corner-stone in the building of the new silk dress.

She wet the breadth of damaged silk in warm water until it was wet through, then dipped it in a solution of oxalic acid, which removed the color entirely, and then immersed it in a mixture of ammonia and water, which restored the original color without the objectionable stain.

Then, with the overseeing eye of the precise little "Miss Prissy" of a dressmaker, the new silk dress progressed toward a state of satisfactory completion. There was plenty of material to make it in a plain, pretty way without any voluminous folds or shirring or plaiting, just a plain, neat, trim dress, faultless and in good taste.

It needed something to relieve the color, and this was not long in coming. An old-fashioned black silk velvet vest, double-breasted, that had been her father's, was brought out by the mother, who said: "It is better for you to use it than to let it lie for years. I would like to see you wear it."

Cuffs and collars were cut out from the best of it and the fragments and little pieces were used to cover button molds, which did make beautiful buttons indeed.

The basque was made double-breasted. The silks of different shades worked into this basque with charming effect, and the two rows of velvet buttons set off the garment and made it jaunty and dressy and just the thing for a petite little body like Flora was.

While the schoolma'am was telling this to Mary and Sarah and showing them, they would look at her so admiringly and then at each other and say: "Well now!" "Well, I do say!" "I declare for it!" And then, eager as little children, they said: "Tell us about the pretty black silk dress and about the cloth walking-jacket," and they drew up nearer.

No wonder the girls were entertained. One time her mother offered for exchange through a women's paper some bound volumes of scientific literature for articles of clothing that could be made available for herself or her children. A man answered it and offered an old black silk dress that had been his mother's long before. The widow and children thought this was very funny. It proved to be an old-fashioned, short-waisted dress, a good deal worn, of that kind that we used to call "boiled silk," a shiny, lustrous kind. It had hung on a peg in the closet so long that it was all askew, and the dust and cobwebs had settled through it till it was like a dusty miller when he shakes himself Saturday night.

But the enjoyment of making something pretty and nice out of it was a temptation. They knew they could make it pay. When it came to this part of the story Mary and Sarah rolled up their eyes at each other. They were eyes, though, that sparkled and twinkled and could talk quite as well as their tongues. How they did like the little "stuck-up Miss Fuller" after they had become well enough acquainted to enter within her sanctuary.

Then she told them how they renovated and made as good as new the old black silk which had come to them so queerly. It was well shaken out in the wind. It was carefully ripped all to pieces. Every piece was brushed clean with a bit of soft flannel. Any place that appeared at all suspicious of being soiled was marked with a tiny chalk-mark to insure special attention when it was cleansed.

The lonely old bachelor with whom they had traded was addicted to the habit of smoking, and the odor had penetrated the closet and settled in "my poor old mother's dress."

So the large, vacant room in the house was thrown open, a free ventilation given, and the pieces were hung about where they could flirt in the pure air. Flora's mother said the pieces could be made to look new and fresh and pretty; that it was no more trouble to clean silk than all-wool cashmere goods. An old kid glove was boiled three hours and reduced to mere pulp in about a quart of liquid, perhaps not quite a quart. To this half a teacupful of cold coffee was added.

The breadths of silk were spread out separately on the clean, new oil-cloth on the large table and wet and carefully sponged all over with a bit of sponge dipped into the liquid. Any place that required special care received it. After each width was gone over, it was folded smoothly and closely to keep damp until they were ready to press them. There were some places that showed wear, and there was one cricket-hole and one patched place and some widths were better than the others. They pressed it on what had been the right side, for it was made over with the wrong side or best side out. It looked fresher and newer. It was laid on flannel while pressing. The glove mixture had the property of stiffening the silk and giving it a glossy appearance. Sometimes the iron inclined to stick fast a little, but this was happily remedied by ironing it across a piece of sand-paper occasionally as a preventive. This is advisable when one is ironing collars, cuffs, and starched bosoms of shirts, and is neater and easier than to stop and go over the face of the iron with a knife.

This job, when completed, gave great satisfaction. The dress goods was not of the best, so it was made up to "spare its feelings." It had a puffed front and a short, modern polonaise, and was made on an old alpaca skirt, which gave it "body" and brought out the best that was possible. The sleeves and the vest-front were made of black velvet, a very good quality of silk-finish. The buttons were beautiful ones, which had served long and well in the family. Among the few things which never grow old or ugly it pays to buy good buttons. These were some kind of dark, iridescent pearl, and suited the silk and velvet most charmingly.

These may be minor details, but these and their solution are obvious to every thinking woman. The little things will take care of themselves and will suggest their proper disposal in the right time and place.

The dressmaker helped plan. She could see where the patched place could be covered with a fold in the draping and how to dispose of the cricket-hole in the pretty light puffs of the puffing, and how to cunningly make good use of the short waist and the queer, curved sleeves and the low-cut neck and the awkward fan-tail gores and the thin streaks in the half-worn goods.

A long-headed, shrewd dressmaker is worth her weight in gold when a poor woman is trying to make a beautiful, modern new dress out of somebody's old one. Such should always be consulted and conciliated. It is not wise to go ahead and make a bungle and a botch out of a possibly good job. One feels badly, to do her level best, and then look at the work and be obliged to acknowledge, if her name is Jones or Smith, that the dress or coat looks very Jonesy or very Smithy.

And Miss Flora's coat that everybody admired so much and that helped to win her the appellation of "stuck-up"? That coat had a tale. Fifteen years ago her uncle bought it in New York, on his way home after an absence of many years in Australia. He was married in it, and when he returned to the "beauteous Southland, the land of yellow air," he gave the coat to a younger brother at college. He wore it on his graduation day. When it became an old coat, well preserved but faded to a gray-bronze on the back, it was hung up in a closet among old and useless things and kept for the good it had done.

Mother Fuller and Flora planned a new and modern jacket out of it one day when they were sore beset with problems that would not be solved. It was a short dress coat of splendid material, had been a very dark, deep blue. They ripped it, dusted, cleansed well, and dyed it jet-black with the Diamond dyes, following the directions exactly. There was not a rent nor a break in it, the wide sleeves were good, and there was plenty of material to cut out a neat, good-fitting ladies' coat over a pattern like No. 8,275 in ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE, November, 1882. The cloth had never lost its fine, satiny finish, and dyeing and pressing did not injure it. It cut to good advantage. The pattern favored the plan and the material. It was trimmed in front with gimp fastenings, which they made for themselves out of gimp bought for the purpose. No lining was required. This was a masterpiece of good luck and good managing, and made a beautiful, fashionable, and serviceable garment. Even the wrong side of the cloth would have made up well without any dyeing, but it had a rough, wooly appearance, while the right side was a fine finish, as the best cloth always is.

What good friends these cozy little confidences did make! How pleasant it was to learn that Flora was not a bit stuck up! that she was kind and true and helpful; that she never gave up to any discouragement; that her quiet heart was loyal to every good impulse, and that whatever she knew was free to all if it was subservient to their comfort and happiness.

She has promised to stay a week with Mary and Sarah and help them "fix things" up pretty and modern at a trifling cost.

Well, if people were better acquainted and knew more of one another's ways and were glad to be helpful one toward another, many a path would be smoother and many a life fuller of joy and good-will and kindly endeavor. The lesson would be learned then that pride is a creature of the imagination, that haughtiness has no root in the heart, and that it is enough for any life to do its whole duty to-day and not trifle away time, hoping to do noble work on to-morrows that may never rise.

PIPSEY POTTS.

THE PILGRIM'S LOAD.

HE halted in the desert to rest his toil-worn feet
And dream of palm-tree shadows among
the dust and heat,
And there, worn out with bearing a heavy load,
he found
A poor, disheartened trav'ler upon the thirsty
ground.

"Oh! could I reach the palm-trees," the poor man
made complaint;
"My veins are hot with fever—with weariness I
faint."
"Cheer up," the other whispered; "the palms
of rest are near;
I'll help you with your burden. You shall not
perish here."

"Nay, nay," the other answered. "Go on and let
me die;
Were you to bear my burden your own you must
lay by;
Then, for your own load, brother, across the sands
to-day
You must come back—to perish, perchance, beside
the way."

"I cannot leave a brother who needs my help,"
replied
The pilgrim. "God will know them and for my
needs provide."
And then, in his compassion, he took the other's
load
And helped the fainting traveler along the desert
road.

They reached the palm-tree's shelter with weariness
oppressed—
The pilgrim with his burden sank down to sleep
and rest,
And in his dreams an angel appeared, and this
said he:
"Bearer of other's burdens, thine shall be borne
for thee!"

He woke. Beneath the shadows of waving palms
he saw
The load left in the desert, and he was filled with
awe.
"Ah! God is good, my brother. Along the desert
road
He sent an unseen angel to bear for me my
load."
Who bears another's burdens will find from day
to day
His own is always lightened or lifted quite
away.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER XIX.

THOUGH removed from them, as to bodily presence, the angel of their household still remained with the carpenter and his family. Not a member thereof, from the rugged father down to little Lotty, but saw ever before the eyes of their spirits the dear young face that brought sunlight into their darkened dwelling; but they saw her with tear-moistened vision. She was no longer theirs in bodily presence, but as in a dream that is never forgotten. Subdued even to sadness, the intercourse between the members of the family was marked by a tender regard, one for the other. Each felt the other's grief at the loss of Grace and desired to lighten instead of increasing its pressure. As for Lotty, since Grace left them she had sought to win for herself that regard in her mother's heart which the stranger had filled. She was too young for reflection and only obeyed a heaven-inspired instinct. As she knocked at the too long-closed door of her mother's heart that door gradually yielded, until at last the rusty hinges opposed no resistance and it swung wide open to take her in.

The intelligence brought back from Clifton, while it set the tears of Mrs. Harding to flowing afresh, because it extinguished all hope of the babe's restoration to her arms, relieved her mind greatly. There was a certainty about this intelligence that settled the doubtful question of its fate. It was, and would be, well with the child. Her love for it could ask no more, though her heart was bleeding from the separation.

To the eager questions of the children: "Where is Grace?" "Have you seen Grace, father?" "Isn't she coming back any more?" Mr. Harding answered with as much information in regard to her as he deemed prudent to give, assuring them at the same time that if Grace did not come to them again they should go to see her.

During the evening, Mr. Long, the schoolmaster, called to learn the result of Harding's visit to Clifton. To him, as a friend fully to be confided in, the carpenter related the occurrences of the day.

"She has been such a blessing, such a comfort to us," said Mrs. Harding, as they sat talking of Grace.

"God has given you many comforts, many blessings," answered the schoolmaster, as he glanced meaningly toward her children, who were all present, quiet, half-wondering auditors. Andrew, over whom Mr. Long had already acquired great influence, was standing beside his teacher, proud of the notice and gratified with the kindness ever extended to him by his judicious friend; while Lotty, who had climbed into her mother's lap, was lying close against her breast, looking contented—even happy.

It was on the lips of Mrs. Harding to reply, "If they were only like Grace." But her conscience rebuked her for the thought ere it found utterance and she remained silent. But she took the lesson to her heart, and as she did so, drew her arm involuntarily tighter around Lotty, who, feeling the pressure, looked up at her mother with a smile of love. In return, the soft cheek of the mother was bent down until it rested on the sunny hair of her child.

The schoolmaster saw that he was clearly understood and did not mar the good impression of his words by seeking to enforce their meaning.

On the next morning, quite early, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, accompanied by Lotty, started for Clifton. They had to pass the door of Miss Gimp, the dressmaker, on their way, and she failed not to discover the fact that the carpenter and his wife were riding out together—an event too noteworthy to be regarded with indifference.

"What does this mean? Where are they going?"

Such were her rather excited questions, as she laid aside her work and took her place at the window to note the direction they would take.

"Over to Clifton? Hardly. Yes—I declare!—if they haven't taken the road to Clifton! Ah ha! There's something in the wind. I wonder if they can be going over to Mrs. Beaufort's. I thought I could see deeper into the mind of Mrs. Harding than she cared for. I was sure she knew more about Mrs. Beaufort than was pretended. But whose child is it? I'd give my little finger to know."

Unable to work with this mystery on her mind, Miss Gimp drew on her bonnet and ran over to see Mrs. Willits, the storekeeper's wife, for just a minute.

"Our carpenter is getting up in the world," said she, as soon as she could thrust in the words, after meeting her friend.

"So I should think," answered Mrs. Willits, who had seen Harding go by—"riding out with his wife at a time when other people are at work. My husband can't afford such indulgence."

"They were always a shiftless set."

Miss Gimp spoke with some indignation. She could not forgive Mrs. Harding for the impenetrable reserve which she had thrown around herself at their interview on the previous afternoon—a reserve felt to be both a wrong and an insult.

"And will come to beggary in the end," said Mrs. Willits. "It was only last evening that I heard Mr. Grant going on about Harding at a great rate. It appears that he had promised to call over early in the morning to consult with him in regard to a job that Grant, the farmer, wanted done. Mr. Grant waited at home until dinner-time, but no carpenter came. It made him terribly angry. He stopped at our store in the

evening and the way he talked about Harding would have done you good to hear. He gave it to him right and left, I can assure you."

"Didn't keep his promise with him?"

"Not he—Mr. Indifference or Mr. Independence, whichever you choose to call him."

"Mr. Shiftless, you'd better say."

"Well, Mr. Shiftless, then. And now he's playing the gentleman—riding out with his wife as coolly as if he hadn't lost a good job!"

"Mr. Grant won't have anything more to do with him?"

Miss Gimp spoke with a kind of pleased inquiry.

"Not he."

"Serves him right."

"Of course it does. He said that early this morning he would go to Beechwood and engage a carpenter there; and he swore, for he was in a great passion, that if Harding starved he'd never handle a dollar of his money so long as he lived."

"I don't blame him," said Miss Gimp.

"Nobody can blame him," responded Mrs. Willits.

"D'ye know," remarked the dressmaker, lowering her voice and speaking mysteriously, "that in my opinion something more than a mere pleasure ride takes them out this morning."

"What are they after? Where are they going?" inquired Mrs. Willits, brightening up at this intimation on the part of Miss Gimp.

"They took the road to Clifton, I'm certain."

"To Clifton! Well, what great and mighty business takes them over to Clifton, I'd like to know?"

"Something about that child, I'll venture my existence," said Miss Gimp.

"What of it?"

Mrs. Willits brightened still more.

"I think I can guess where it came from?"

"Indeed!"

"Of course, it is only guess-work; but in putting this and that together, you know, we often get very near the truth. I've been sewing at Mrs. Barclay's in Beechwood."

"Yes."

"You've heard of Mrs. General Beaufort, who lives in Clifton?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never knew it before—but she's the sister of Mrs. Barclay."

"Is she?"

"Yes. And she came over to see her brother about something while I was there."

"Well?"

"One day, when all the family were out, she came into the room where I was sewing and made herself quite sociable. After talking around for a while, she asked if I knew Harding and his family. I said that I did. Then she wanted to know what

kind of people they were. Of course, I couldn't give them a very exalted character, and didn't. It was plain enough to be seen that she had some secret interest in them. Who first spoke of that little foundling baby I can't now remember, but the moment it was named I saw that she knew a great deal more about it than she cared me to guess. In order to bring her out I spoke of Harding and his wife in the strongest manner—taking good care to say that in placing that child in their hands it was like putting a lamb among wolves. She grew uneasy and excited at this; so much so that she clearly felt that she was betraying herself and left me abruptly. That afternoon she went away very unexpectedly to the family. Depend upon it, Mrs. Willits, she knows all about that baby."

"Why don't you go to see Mrs. Harding and feel around her?" inquired the storekeeper's wife, who had become much interested in the dressmaker's gossip.

"I've been already," answered Miss Gimp. "I came away from Mrs. Barclay's a day sooner than I intended, and on purpose."

"Ah! Well, what did you make out of her?"

"Nothing certain. I saw Harding and his wife, but they were as close-mouthed as terrapins."

"Did you speak to them of Mrs. Beaufort?"

"Yes; and it's just my opinion that they got out of me all I know and didn't let me see below the surface of their thoughts. I was so provoked!"

"And so you learned nothing?" said Mrs. Willits.

"Nothing certain. But it takes sharper people than they are to hide things from my eyes. That both were greatly interested in Mrs. Beaufort and knew far more about her than they chose to tell was plain enough, and that their ride over to Clifton this morning is to see her I do not in the least doubt."

"I shouldn't wonder at all," remarked Mrs. Willits. "Mrs. General Beaufort! That is news. Has she a daughter?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Gimp.

"Why didn't you ask Mrs. Barclay?"

"Just what I've said to myself twenty times over. I'm provoked to death at my stupidity."

"How soon are you going over there again?"

"I can't tell. I don't think Mrs. Barclay will want me very soon."

"We must find out in some way."

"Yes, indeed. I'll not rest until I know all about it. You remember that Harry Wilkins saw a woman carrying a basket on the night the child was left at Harding's?"

"Yes."

"Very well. He told me that he's certain he saw the same woman riding in a carriage in the neighborhood of Clifton. Put this and that to-

gether, Mrs. Willits, and it isn't very hard to make out a case."

"I should think not. Depend upon it, you're fairly on the track. Harding isn't riding out this morning for nothing. Had they the baby with them?"

"That I couldn't see. I tried my best to look over into Mrs. Harding's arms, but her husband was on the side next to me, and though I got up into a chair, it was of no use. But I shouldn't at all wonder."

"I'll tell you how you can find out."

"How?"

"Just by running over to their house for a minute. Of course, nobody's at home but the children."

"That's it!" replied Miss Gimp, starting up. "I'll go this instant," and she stepped toward the door.

"Don't forget to stop as you come back," said the storekeeper's wife.

"Oh! no. I'll be sure to call."

And Miss Gimp left with the sprightly step of a young girl of sixteen.

In some twenty minutes she returned.

"Well?" said Mrs. Willits, as she came in.

"No child there," answered the dressmaker.

"No? Indeed?"

"True as preaching."

"Where is it?"

Miss Gimp shook her head.

"Who was there?"

"Only Philip and Lucy."

"Couldn't they tell?"

"They couldn't, or wouldn't—which, I am at a loss to say. I never saw such mum, stupid little wretches in my life."

"Did you ask them where their father and mother had gone?"

"Yes."

"What answer did they make?"

"Said they didn't know."

"They lied, I suppose—instructed by their parents."

"As like as not," answered Miss Gimp. "But isn't it dreadful to think of? Who can wonder if they go to destruction?"

"Nobody. And so the child is gone?"

"Yes. No doubt, they took it with them this morning. But I'll find out all about it by hook or by crook; see if I don't."

And with this assurance the dressmaker—who had a good deal of work on hand, to be ready by a certain time—took her departure to renew her vain efforts at meeting her engagements. To promise was a part of her profession, and not to keep these promises to the letter the other part. Having the interests of the whole neighborhood to attend to, it was impossible to be entirely punctual in such unimportant matters.

CHAPTER XX.

IT was past midday when the carpenter and his wife returned from Clifton, each with sober but not troubled countenances. Their anxieties about the baby's welfare were fully satisfied; but they came back with the sad assurance that its sweet smile had faded from their home forever—that an angel had departed from among them, and with it, they feared, the sweet, angelic influences which, in so brief a time, had made their desert to blossom as the rose.

A hurried dinner was prepared, and then Harding went to his shop, which had now been closed for nearly two whole days. It was his intention to go from there to Farmer Grant's to make arrangements about the new roof, which he had promised to attend to immediately. He was just on the eve of doing so, when a neighbor stopped at the door and said:

"Why, what's been the matter, Harding? I was about going over to your house to see if you were sick or dead."

"I've had a little business to attend to, which has taken all my time for nearly two days," replied the carpenter; "but I'm through with it now and at my post again."

"You've lost a job by it, I'm thinking," said the neighbor.

"How so?"

"I heard Grant abusing you right and left for not keeping an engagement yesterday morning. He said that you had promised to come over and see him about a new roof to his barn, and that he waited in for you a greater part of the day. He was dreadfully put out, and in the afternoon rode over to Beechwood and engaged a carpenter there."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Harding, as his countenance fell.

"Very sure."

"I'm sorry. If he'd known why I was unable to keep my engagement he would not have acted so hastily. I was just going to see him."

"It will be of no use. Why didn't you send him word that it was out of your power to see him?"

"I should have done so, but didn't think of it."

"And what is more," said the neighbor, "Mr. Edgar was going to engage you to build an addition to his house; but Grant talked so strong about you—saying, among other things, that you were not to be depended upon—that he concluded to employ another carpenter. So you see this 'little business' of yours has proved rather a bad business. But good-morning! I mustn't stop here."

The neighbor departed. As he turned his back Harding folded his arms, and, leaning hard against his work-bench, gave way to feelings of despondency, not unmingled with reproaches toward

Heaven for the hardness, even injustice, of these cruel reactions.

"I've done nothing to merit this," said he, in partial utterance of his true feelings. "Nothing! nothing! Then why am I left without work, though my hands are strong and my heart willing? God never hedges up a man's way in one direction without opening it in another—so says the schoolmaster—and so I began to think when Grant came with the offer of one job after I had lost another. But now the way that opened so encouragingly before me is closed, even before I had set my foot therein. I wonder in what direction it will now open?"

The bitterness of distrust was in both Harding's voice and countenance.

"There's no use in folding your arms and standing idle," said a voice, speaking within him.

"Of course not. But what am I to do? There's not a single stroke of work on hand." The carpenter answered his own thought thus, speaking aloud.

"Do something—make something. There are lumber and tools in your shop."

As the inward voice said this the eyes of Harding rested on a half-finished pine table, which he had commenced in an idle hour and thrown aside for other work. It was suggested to him to complete the table rather than not do anything. This suggestion he resisted for a time, because he had no heart to work, particularly as the work promised no return.

"Finish the table. Somebody will want it."

The voice spoke again. With something like blind obedience to this inward monitor the carpenter commenced working on the table. The effort naturally relieved his mind from the heavy pressure under which it was bowed down. He felt better, but did not know why. He had yet to learn that in all useful work the mind rests with a degree of calmness; that there is a power in true mental or bodily labor to sustain the spirit in doubt, pain, or sorrow. Once engaged in his task, he pursued it with a natural ardor, and at the end of two hours a well-made table stood finished in his shop. He was looking at it with a certain degree of pleasure, when Stark, who had been very shy of him for some weeks, presented himself at the shop-door.

"The very article I want," said the tavern-keeper, as his eyes fell on the table. "Is it to order, or on sale?"

"Three dollars of anybody's money will buy it," answered the carpenter.

"Enough said," returned Stark, drawing out his purse. "Here's the coin. I'll send my Tom over for it in half an hour. And see here, Harding, if you've got time I wish you'd make me two good, strong benches about eight feet long. Some chaps got to skylarking over in my house

last night and smashed one all to pieces. How much will you charge for them?"

The carpenter took a piece of chalk and figured up the cost of the wood.

"Two dollars apiece," said he.

"Very well. Make them. How soon will they be done?"

"As I've nothing particular on hand to-day I'll get out the stuff this afternoon and finish them some time early in the morning."

"That will do." And the tavern-keeper went his way, leaving three dollars in the carpenter's pocket and his mind something easier. The stuff for the two benches was prepared, and the work on both nearly completed by sundown, when Harding closed his shop and returned home. On his way the gloomy, desponding state of mind returned. As he looked into the future only a wall of darkness rose up before him. His best customers had left him—the season was advanced—and no ground to build a hope upon was under his feet. Mrs. Harding saw the heavy contraction of his brows as he entered, and it caused a shadow to fall upon her heart. Had the evil spirit, which the presence of Grace had driven out, come back to him again? Alas! alas! if it were so! Yes, the evil spirit had come back, but, as yet, its power over him was small. It lay in his breast as a live coal, and only waited for the fuel of excitement to kindle a blaze of destructive passion. Happily, that fuel was not supplied. There was nothing in his home to fret or disturb him. His wife spoke to him so kindly that he could not but answer kindly, and the children were so quiet among themselves that no cause of annoyance or anger existed in that direction. Still he remained gloomy, almost entirely silent.

"I don't know what is going to become of us, Mary," said he, as they sat together after the children had gone to bed. The gentleness and kindness of his wife's manner had gradually subdued the state of irritability that threatened so much of evil, and now he felt like drawing nearer to her—letting her share his anxieties and offer him her sympathy.

"Why do you say this, Jacob?" Mrs. Harding raised her eyes to the sober face of her husband.

"I haven't a stroke of work."

"How comes that?" The interrogation was so gently made that it encouraged instead of repressing confidence.

"Dear knows! I don't just understand it. To me, it seems very strange that just now work should all stop, when there's not been a day before in ten years that I hadn't as much as I could do. I promised Mr. Grant to call yesterday morning about putting a new roof on his barn. But you know why I couldn't see him. He got angry because I didn't keep my appointment and gave the job to a carpenter over in Beechwood."

"That's only a single job," said Mrs. Harding, without seeming to be in the least troubled by the gloomy prospect before them. "You're a good workman, that every one knows, and I've often heard you say that a man who does good work never need fear but what he'll have enough to do."

"Yes, Mary; but look how far the season is advanced. Every good job that I expected has gone into other hands and I don't know a soul that now talks of building even a pig-pen this year. I feel completely disheartened. If we were only a little beforehand I wouldn't feel so badly. But we are not. Everything has run down and I haven't ten dollars ahead."

Just then some one knocked at the door. Harding opened it and found a strange man with a large bundle in his hand. His own name was inquired for.

"I am the person," he answered.

"Mrs. Beaufort sent this letter to you"—handing a letter—"and this bundle to Mrs. Harding"—reaching out the package.

"Won't you come in?" said the carpenter, as he received the letter and package.

"No, sir. It is late and I must ride over to Clifton to-night."

The man departed and Harding came back into the house. Breaking the seal of the letter with unsteady hands, he opened it and read:

"I wish to see you to-morrow. Come over early. If I am not mistaken I can serve your worldly interests materially. I learn that you are a good workman and faithful in the performance of whatever you may undertake. I am about putting up several outbuildings and making some important alterations in my house. It is partly in reference to these matters that I wish to see you.
"EDITH BEAUFORT."

Within this letter, another, directed to Mrs. Harding, was inclosed.

"O Jacob! Just see here!" By the time her husband had gathered the meaning of his letter, Mrs. Harding was in full possession of the contents of hers. As she thus exclaimed, she held up two bank bills, each claiming the valuation of fifty dollars, while her face had a bright, joyful, wondering expression.

"Why, Mary!" ejaculated the bewildered carpenter, as he reached out for the letter of his wife. It read:

"Accept, dear madam, from one who can never forget and never repay the debt she owes you, the inclosed as a first act of justice. Use it for yourself and children. Accept, also, a few small presents for yourself and them. I have talked much with my mother about you and your good husband since you left us this morning; and I think, if

there is nothing to bind you to your present place of abode, that we shall soon have you near us. We are about making some extensive repairs, improvements, and alterations in and around our home, and my mother thinks that your husband is just the man to whom she can safely intrust their execution. She desires him to see her in the morning. Urge him to come without fail.

"Yours, with gratitude,

"EDITH PERCIVAL."

"It is broad daylight now." Such were the carpenter's words, after sitting silent for some moments.

"The darkest hour is just before daybreak, you know," said Mrs. Harding, her eyes filling with glad tears.

"Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction without opening it in another. So Mr. Long said to me, and so I tried to believe. But how can one believe with a mountain rising up in his path and thick darkness on every side of him? I cannot."

"But let us not forget, Jacob"—Mrs. Harding's voice was subdued, almost humble—"what more the schoolmaster said in his kind and earnest talks with us."

"What did he say, Mary?"

"That the hedging up of our way of life and the opening of new paths are not for the sake of worldly good alone."

"Yes, I remember." The carpenter bowed his head thoughtfully.

"But for the sake of heavenly and eternal good," continued Mrs. Harding. "How much he talked of our mental wants and of our mental sufferings! and as he talked, did we not both see and feel that mere bodily wants and sufferings were nothing in comparison to these? The natural event of finding a babe at our door, which we received with much reluctance—how much delight it produced! Now, it was in Providence, as Mr. Long said, that the babe was so left at our door; and does it not seem that it was so provided in order that, through this natural event, our spirits might become better and happier? Surely, we are all better and happier for the presence of dear little Grace among us?"

"Have I not said so a hundred times, Mary?" There was light in the carpenter's face as he said this.

"And will we not all be better and happier if we can be where our eyes every little while may look upon her angel-face? Oh! yes, I know we will, for the sight of that face will lift our hearts upward and make us desire that spiritual innocence of which, as Mr. Long so beautifully said, she was the perfect bodily correspondent. And the desire will prompt us to resist the evils of our nature; and if we resist evil, you know,

it is said that it will depart from us. Dear husband!"—and as Mrs. Harding, animated with her subject, leaned toward him and laid her hand upon his arm, the carpenter saw, as of late he had seen so many times, the sweet beauty in her face that had charmed him and won his love in the time gone by—"Dear husband! let us believe that the hedging up of your way in the old direction, and the opening of it in this, is not so much for the sake of worldly prosperity as for the higher good of our souls. Oh! is not peace of mind more to be desired than all earthly benefits? It is, Jacob; my heart—your heart—replies that it is. Let us, then, in accepting the earthly good, look still higher and claim the better portion that may be ours."

"You are learning these wise lessons faster than I am, Mary," said the carpenter, with a tenderness of manner that went to the heart of his wife. "In the school of good I shall be, I fear, a slow learner. But the apter scholar must have patience with my poor progress. I am hasty, moody, and passionate by nature, Mary, as you know too well. As you overcome, give me aid. If you can keep your heart in the sunlight, mine will not long remain under the cloud. If your sky continues serene, the storm will soon pass from mine. Try and remember this, Mary, and in my darker moods bear with me. You will surely have your reward."

"And in my darker moods, Jacob," answered his wife—"and they will come—for I, too, am hasty and passionate, you must bear with me. Oh! let us help one another!"

The pledges and promises of that hour were never forgotten, as the brighter, happier future attested. On examining the package sent by the mother of Grace, it was found to contain various articles of clothing for Mrs. Harding and her children, besides a handsome vest pattern and a dozen fine handkerchiefs for the carpenter. They were gratefully received, coming, as they did, so timely and under circumstances that did not make the gift a burdening obligation. Tranquil was their sleep that night and the morning of a new day found them looking hopefully into the brightening future.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MONTH later in the progress of events and we find the carpenter and his family residing in a small, neat house on the estate of Mrs. Beaufort, happily relieved from all anxiety about the "bread that perishes" and surrounded with more of taste and comfort than they had ever known. Harding had already entered actively upon the execution of such work as Mrs. Beaufort first desired, and thus far was giving every satisfaction. Why should this not be? for he was quick and skillful in all the branches of his trade, and per-

fectly honest in the execution of whatever might be intrusted to him. All that could be done to make Mrs. Harding's new home a pleasant one was done by Mrs. Percival, who came over almost daily to see her, accompanied by her babe, whose visits to the carpenter's family seemed ever like the shining in of sunbeams. Grace was still the angel of their household, beating back through her sweet presence to their bodily eyes, or, when absent, to the eyes of their spirits, the natural passions, which like evil beasts were striving to devour the innocent affections just born in their hearts and which were daily gaining strength and beauty. Bright moments to Harding in the day's circle of hours were those in which the little one, borne in the arms of her nurse, came over to see him at his work. If he laid down his ax, his saw, or his plane at such times, that he might take the happy little one and hold her against his heart, who could blame the act or deem him an idler from his tasks? Not a stroke the less was given for these moments of self-indulgence—if we may call them by so cold a name—for they sent new life through the carpenter's nerves and fresh vigor to his willing hands.

Only a few weeks were permitted to pass ere the public announcement of Edith's marriage was made, accompanied by such evidence to all interested friends as removed even the shadow of doubt or suspicion. The fact of the babe's abandonment by its mother at the door of a stranger was never clearly understood. That it had been in the carpenter's family was known; but under what peculiar circumstances it came there was a matter of question even to the neighbors of Harding. Beyond this narrow circle it was taken for granted that in order to conceal the marriage and birth of the child, Mrs. Harding had been selected as the nurse and pledged to secrecy in regard to its parentage. Even among the carpenter's old neighbors this theory finally prevailed in consequence of its adoption by Miss Gimp.

"I always said"—so the dressmaker gossiped, after having settled to her own satisfaction all the difficulties presented by the case—"that Mrs. Harding knew a great deal more about the child than she cared to tell. I said this in the beginning, and I've never altered my mind. You can't make me believe that people like the Hardings would take a strange babe into their house and treat it even better than one of their own unless well paid for it. It isn't in nature, much less in the nature of such people."

And this solution of the matter was pretty generally adopted, thus saving the young mother that crushing odium which must have followed the clear annunciation of her act, even done, as it was, in a state of partial derangement.

Two months only had passed since Edith was presented to her friends in her true character,

when Colonel D'Arcy, not to be baffled in the pursuit of her hand, wrote her a long, earnest letter of sympathy and condolence, begging forgiveness at the same time for the ardor of his attentions at a period when she must have been bowed to the earth with sorrow—a sorrow of which he was “necessarily ignorant”—and asking the privilege of occasionally visiting at her mother's house as a friend. Not to leave the matter solely to her unbiased decision, the gallant Colonel wrote also to Mrs. Beaufort, mentioning his letter to her daughter, and frankly saying to her that notwithstanding the secret marriage of Edith and birth of a child, now that her husband was dead, he was ready again to offer his hand. Instantly the smoldering ambition of this proud woman was fanned into a blaze, and once more she resolved to compass, if possible, the long-desired marriage of her daughter. The acknowledgment of Edith's true relation—that of the widowed wife of an obscure young adventurer—would, she had not doubted, at once settle all so far as D'Arcy was concerned; and this was why she strove so desperately to prevent its taking place. In consenting to publicity she had abandoned her ambitious hopes. Now they all started again into vigorous life. The hand of her daughter was yet deemed worthy of possession, even by Colonel D'Arcy; the marriage, so dear to her heart, might yet be accomplished; and she instantly resolved that its failure should not be in consequence of any want of effort on her part.

The two letters came by the same post. Edith had just finished reading hers, when Mrs. Beaufort, the ardor of whose reawakened purpose impelled to an immediate interview with her daughter, entered the room where she sat, with the flush of outraged womanhood yet warm upon her cheeks.

“Is your letter from Colonel D'Arcy?” inquired the mother, slightly hesitating in the conscious conviction that the subject would be disagreeable.

“It is,” was Edith's simple yet firm response.

“He knows of your marriage?”

“Yes.”

“May I see your letter?”

Edith handed the letter to her mother, who, after reading it, said:

“What answer will you make?”

“None,” was replied.

“None! That will be discourteous.”

“He is entitled to no courtesy from me,” was the decisive answer, “and will get none.”

“But, Edith!” Mrs. Beaufort's face was flushing and her eyes beginning to glitter.

“Mother!”—Edith interrupted her—“what I have said to you heretofore about this man was said from the heart, and I give it a repeated utterance”—hardly repressing a cry of abhorrence. “His very name is an offense, and his presence

here, if you permit him to come, will be to me an outrage. I understand the hidden import of his glossing letter clearly; but he writes to me in vain. No; not even as a friend will I receive him. Mother!”

A hurried step was heard this instant in the hall, and Edith, checking the utterance of what was on her tongue, started, with eager eyes and changing cheeks, to her feet. With hands raised and partly extended, and her gaze riveted on the entrance to the room, she stood, her ear bent to the sounding tread of a man's approaching feet. An instant more, and—uttering wildly the cry—

“Henry! O my husband! my husband!”—she threw herself upon the breast of a tall, handsome, embrowned young man, who sprang forward to receive her, and catching her eagerly in his arms, covered her face with kisses.

“O Henry! am I dreaming?” sobbed the bewildered young creature, as, disengaging herself partly from his arms, she gazed into his face, pressing the hair back with both hands from his ample forehead.

“Not dreaming, Edith, dear!” he answered. “The dream is past. This is the glad awakening.”

“My husband! My dear, dear husband!” and fondly Edith laid her head upon his bosom. A moment only it rested there—then, starting up, she caught him by the arm, and drawing him toward a door that opened into an adjoining room, said:

“Come.”

He followed as she led.

“Look!”

They had entered and were beside a crib, in which their babe was sleeping.

“It is ours, Henry! Our sweet, precious one!—our darling Grace!” and lifting it tenderly she laid it in his arms.

As if a blasting spectre had met her vision, Mrs. Beaufort fled to her chamber at the sight of Percival, and was now hidden from all eyes but those of her Maker. She had fully believed him dead, and had rejoiced in his death. His sudden appearance, therefore, was as if one had risen from the dead. His coming, too—just as old schemes so long cherished were about being reconstructed, to scatter all her mad ambition to the wind—seemed so like Heaven's mockery that with a crushed, helpless feeling, she shrunk into herself and bowed her spirit in the bitterness of forced submission.

Two hours afterward—Edith, who knew her too well to intrude upon her during the time, had not even tapped at her chamber-door—she came forth and received the husband of her daughter with a degree of cordiality altogether unexpected.

“We believed you dead, Mr. Percival,” said she. “Can you explain why we were deceived by false intelligence? Mr. Maria wrote to us—first,

that you were very ill, and soon after that you had died of a malignant Southern fever."

"I was ill, very ill, for a time," the young man answered, "but not of a malignant Southern fever. The physician at the hospital to which I was sent to die, and where, in Providence, I was permitted to recover, strongly suspected that I had been unfairly dealt by—some of my symptoms resembling in a marked degree the effects of poison."

"Poison!" Mrs. Beaufort looked startled as she gave almost involuntary utterance to the word.

"Yes; and I have now but little doubt that such was the case; for I learn, with no small surprise, that after my reported death Colonel D'Arcy renewed his offers for the hand of Edith."

"Colonel D'Arcy! What of him? What had he to do with your sickness?" Mrs. Beaufort's countenance became suddenly clouded.

"I do not know that he had anything to do with it," replied Percival; "but this I know, he was a friend of Mr. Maris, and visited him on the night I was taken sick. They drank wine together, and both urged me with such gracious kindness to take a glass of sherry with them that I could not refuse. Colonel D'Arcy touched his glass to mine, and said, in a singularly altered voice—so it struck me at the moment—

"Your good health, Mr. Percival."

"I did not like the man, for out of his eyes an evil spirit had always looked at me. On this particular occasion that spirit seemed to glare upon me with a kind of malignant triumph. Soon after drinking the wine I felt an unusual heat in my stomach, which gradually pervaded my system. My head grew heavy and painful, and my body hot and sluggish. On complaining of indisposition, Mr. Maris advised me to go home, saying that a few hours' rest would restore me. But so far from that I was in a raging fever all night, and early on the next morning, at his suggestion, as I afterward learned of Mr. Maris, I was sent to the hospital to die. An ordinary fever would have run to its crisis, terminating in favor of or against the patient, in a certain number of days; but the fever which had seized upon me was altogether different, and seemed as if it would never tire drinking at my vitals. When, at last, its fire abated, I was left so much exhausted that small hope of recovery was felt by either physician or attendants. It was more than two months before strength sufficient to bear the weight of my body was gained. Then the life-current began to flow more freely; and a few weeks of rapid convalescence placed me so near to health that I ventured to make this homeward journey. Soon after I was taken to the hospital a man named Henry Percival died in one of the sick-wards. Mr. Maris, I suppose, took it for granted that my death was the one reported, and immediately communicated the fact to you."

For a considerable time after the young man ceased speaking, Mrs. Beaufort sat with her eyes upon the floor, evidently in deep and troubled thought.

"There's a dark mystery here," she said, at length, speaking partly to herself. "Mr. Maris, then, is a particular friend of Colonel D'Arcy?" she added, raising her eyes.

"They appeared to be very intimate. I often saw them together."

"It's a strange story." She again seemed speaking to herself. "And I can't make it all out. Colonel D'Arcy?—Mr. Maris?—poison?"

As Percival looked at her fixedly, he saw a low shudder pass through her frame. A dark suspicion entered his mind on the instant, but he resolutely thrust it out; and in doing so he was but just to Mrs. Beaufort. If he had been dealt by foully, of which there was small reason to doubt, she was no party to the wicked deed.

A few days afterward Colonel D'Arcy, following up his letters with a degree of confident assurance, made a visit to Clifton in order to throw the weight of his personal influence in the scale and thus secure a preponderance in his favor.

Mrs. Beaufort—now that all blinding antagonism toward Percival was laid aside and closer contact gave her a better view of his character and a clearer appreciation of his worth—began to find herself drawn toward him with a power of attraction at first resisted, but hourly gaining strength. His intelligence was of a different order from that by whose glitter she had been attracted through life. It was not the obtrusive intelligence which is assumed for effect, illustrating only the pride of its possessor, but had in it a soul of moral wisdom—a beautiful humanity, warm with a higher life. Often, as he talked, she listened with something akin to wonder, and as her eyes rested upon his animated countenance, she saw in it a manly beauty, caught from the inspiring soul, that compelled a half-reluctant admiration. Not unfrequently at these times would the face of Colonel D'Arcy present itself before the eyes of her mind with singular vividness, yet ever marred by an expression well remembered as peculiarly its own, but now, as seen in contrast with the fine countenance of Percival, *felt* to be cruel, selfish, and debasingly sensual. Almost with a shudder at such times would she close her bodily eyes, seeking to destroy the unpleasant vision. It was on an occasion like this that the servant announced Colonel D'Arcy.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaufort, thrown entirely off her guard.

The name was repeated.

"Tell him that I will be down in a few minutes," she said, recovering herself.

For some moments the three looked at each other in doubt and irresolution. All of them knew

well the object of his visit. Percival was the first to speak.

"Let us," said he, "go down together and receive him. He thinks I am dead—if he thinks of me at all. Should my suspicions be true, at sight of me he will be thrown off his guard and betray himself. Come! let us go at once."

And he arose, moving on a pace or two in the direction of the door. Mrs. Beaufort and Edith followed as if impelled by his will, the latter carrying Grace in her arms.

Side by side they entered the parlor, where D'Arcy sat awaiting some member of the family.

"Colonel D'Arcy!"

Mrs. Beaufort inclined her body gracefully and smiled upon her visitor with a bland smile.

But he saw not the motion nor the smile, for his eyes were riveted instantly on the calm face of Percival, who, with his young wife shrinking to his side and holding her babe against her bosom, looked at him steadily and sternly.

Only for a moment did he stand in the attitude of astonishment assumed as the unexpected apparition confronted him—then, with a look of dismay and an exclamation of terror, he swept past the little group and fled from the house.

"I did not err in my suspicions," said Percival, speaking with entire self-possession. "He is guilty of having sought my life. Dear Edith!" he added, as he drew an arm around her and pressed his lips to her pure forehead—"how thankful I am for your dear sake that his wicked purpose failed."

"My children!"

The arms of Mrs. Beaufort were flung suddenly around them both.

"My children!"

Her voice choked and what she would have said further remained unspoken. Pride could not suffer her to betray the strong agitation she felt.

There was a few moments of silence. Then she disengaged her arms, and turning from them retired with slow and stately steps to her own apartments.

One scene more, briefly sketched, and the curtain must fall upon our characters.

A few months have glided pleasantly by. The nearer view that Mrs. Beaufort now had of the son-in-law accepted with such an intense reluctance enabled her to see the higher qualities with which he was endowed, as well as the sterling virtues already developed in one so young. Her estates were large and needed the intelligent care of a man who had some acquaintance with legal and landed affairs. This knowledge the education of Percival had in a measure supplied, and his calm judgment and integrity of purpose were a guarantee for the rest that Mrs. Beaufort was very ready to accept, and the result gave no measure of disappointment.

So well pleased was she with our friend the carpenter, that she soon made a contract with him to remain as overseer on her estate at a liberal salary.

It was a warm afternoon near the close of the ensuing May that Mrs. Percival stepped across the broad green lawn that sloped gently from her mother's fine old mansion, and took her way to the pleasant cottage-home of the carpenter and his family, which stood only at a short distance. On entering she found no one in the sitting-room, but with the familiarity of a friend who knows the awaiting welcome at all times, she pushed open the door of the adjoining apartment, when a sight met her eyes that made the blood leap warmer from her heart. A week before had been born in that chamber another babe, and it was to see the mother and inquire after her wants, if any were unsupplied, that Mrs. Percival had now come. She supposed that Harding was absent at work, but this was not so. The fact was, scarcely an hour passed during each day since the little stranger came that he did not run in to look at its fair, young face, or take it in his great, strong arms and bear it about the room. He was sitting near the bed, where lay his happy wife with her face turned toward him and the infant, and he was holding the tender little one on his arm and gazing with a look that could not be mistaken down upon the sweet image of innocence. Around were grouped the children, and little Lotty, standing between her father's knees, was laying her white finger softly on the baby's cheek and talking to it fondly.

As Mrs. Percival opened the door and at a glance comprehended the scene, she said, with a pleasant familiarity that her previous intercourse with them warranted:

"Ah! nursing that baby again, Mr. Harding? Why, one would think you'd never had a baby in your house before!"

"We never knew the value of a baby," replied the carpenter, "until yours came to us and won our hearts. Ah! She was the Angel of our Household, and it was a hard trial to see her go forth never to return again. But God has given us another angel."

"And may she be dearer to you than the one you have lost," said Mrs. Percival, as she reached over and took the precious burden from the arms of Mr. Harding. "Have you chosen a name for it yet?"

Mrs. Harding glanced toward her husband.

"It was chosen the hour of her birth," answered the carpenter.

"Is it Grace?"

Mrs. Percival smiled as she made the inquiry.

"No other name would express our love for her. Yes, it is Grace!"

"May she indeed prove, as I am sure she will

the Angel of your Household," said Mrs. Percival, with touching solemnity.

An audible "Amen" broke the stillness that followed, and, as we repeat the word, we let the curtain fall.

T. S. A.

THE END.

FAITHFUL'S PROMISE.

IT was infinitely soothing to my spirit to go to meeting—so much so that I hurried mother till she rumpled her kerchief, and she told me I had tied my bonnet-strings awry.

"Faithful," said father, "although William Pennell be already there, peradventure thee alone is quickened by such knowledge."

I grew cool and collected immediately. For lately it was borne in upon me that William Pennell was not in all things to me as he should be, seeing that his father and my father had been pleased to advance mutual claims to each of us, and for the past year he had lived at our house, having business in our neighborhood and father esteeming it a privilege to offer hospitality to Eben Pennell's son. Yet on First-day I grew passive when father thus mentioned William, for father looked keenly at me as he buttoned his coat and told Dorcas to lay the table on time. Then we went out—father, mother, and I—and as we passed the stable I heard the whinnying of the mare and her colt. The beasts belonged to William Pennell and their friendly tone made me feel a traitor to myself.

I bethink me I had never noticed the surpassing peace of meeting as I that day did. As I sat up close beside mother I could review the past month when James Hamilton had come. I knew that father was not pleased with my acquaintance with the gay-dressed stranger, and it seemed I turned from William Pennell because of that. There was a change at home, although no words were said. Only William did not advance himself, rather saying that his business precluded his wasting time. Wasting time! James Hamilton never wasted time when with me. Yet William Pennell had always walked to meeting with me except to-day—the failure to do so now made me angry that James Hamilton had asked to see me after meeting in the grave-yard. At last the people moved. I left mother with some friends and hurried to meet James Hamilton. He smiled so happily that I could not retain anger. He spoke but of casualties and I wondered why he had asked me to see him.

"If thee pleases, I will go now," I said.

"Stay a little while longer," he urged.

"Nay," I replied, "father told Dorcas to lay the table on time."

"And such a trifle influences you?"

"My father's will is my duty."

"Might I not claim that duty?"

"Stop!" I said. "Thee must speak thus only in my father's house."

I led the way to the road. He would have left me, but I said:

"Thee will walk with me home?"

He left me at the gate. Father and William Pennell were at the window. I expected father to speak to me about it, but "Will thee go help thy mother with the pudding?" he said. Yet the day was not pleasant and William was perversely silent, I thought.

It might be because I wanted to think that father chided me (and he did not), or that mother was sad on my account (and she was not), or that William Pennell despised me (and he did not)—however it was, James Hamilton grew upon me. I met him once, and talking with him felt a hand upon my shoulder.

"Faithful," said father, and held out his hand to James Hamilton. He guided us home and mother said pleasant words to James Hamilton. And yet my heart hurt me more than had they denied him. That same day William Pennell and father were closeted together. All at once father opened the door and called me in.

"Say to her what thee says to me," commenced father.

"I will absolve her from any promise she has made me," said William.

"Has thee not said thee would be William Pennell's wife?" asked father.

"Yes," I said, "and I do not say nay now—I have promised."

"But I will not have her thus," cried William, "for she would not be my wife unless she loves me."

I ran from the room then. By tea-time I was down-stairs. "I do not want any tea," I said, and father said:

"Dorcas, thee will lay the table for three." And when tea was announced he said, "Faithful, come!" and I looked up.

"I said I did not want any," I said, "and thee, thyself, told Dorcas to lay the table for only three—thee, mother, and William."

"Come!" he said. I went out and sat down and marveled at William's absence. After tea there came a knock on the door. I knew it was James Hamilton. I sprung up with a glad cry, for I was that lonesome. And yet I had but a sorry evening, for I wanted to know where William Pennell was, and although James Hamilton was kinder than ever, it seemed I dared scarcely to notice his kindness. For two days more this went on, and I dared not question father or mother as to where William was. But on the third day I met Dorcas down the lane, and I asked her. She told me he had gone to a house he owned about two miles, more or less, away.

"To live?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Or to die," replied Dorcas; so even she turned from me.

I was sad indoors. I could not but be restless over my sewing, and I could not bear to let them see me undertake new household cares, on account of nervousness, so once I went down to the stable and fed William Pennell's mare and her colt. They neighed when I reached them.

"Ah! Bashful and Clover," I said, foolishly—"neither of thee hates me, does thee?"

After that I used to go every day to them, and was glad William had not taken them with him.

Then I found but small comfort in James Hamilton's visits. How could it be otherwise? Father saw this, for once when he had been there and was gone, father said:

"Faithful, thee seems to think thee is watched. After this, thee shall see friend Hamilton alone."

After that, whenever James Hamilton came father and mother were at the other end of the room, and somehow that seemed to hurt me, too.

The pleasant spring weather came in, and often James Hamilton spoke with father out in the garden. This gave me pleasure; but I bethink me it was because such familiarity argued that I was not to blame.

It would be foolish for me to recount all my trivial feelings. Suffice it to say that I became used to the new state of affairs and was cheerfuller than formerly and cared much to think. And my thoughts led to James Hamilton and William Pennell. I often wondered why William never came to our house, and then I checked myself, feeling hotly. And how could I ask for him? I grew to comparing the two men, the one with the other. I even wondered if William had come to me of his own accord and as much by accident as James Hamilton had, whether I might not have cast all else beneath him in the scale of thought.

And, too—left to my own undisturbed introspection—I had begun to look upon James Hamilton with newer vision. I had been reared a Friend among Friends, and his rearing had been different.

But one morning as I was on my way to the stable—for father would not let the mare and the colt out yet—I saw father and James Hamilton speaking. I was very close to them and crept under a bush that I might not be seen.

"Thee has come into the house like a thief in the night," said father; "and while thee knows thee has robbed a true man of his happiness and my child of hers, thee has even helped thyself to my money. I have let thee alone for my child's sake; I spare thee for her sake. But only to-day have I found out what stamps thee as most miserable—a deed which has been kept from me from respect to my daughter—thee has forged William Pennell's name!"

I lost memory of all things then. When I regained consciousness I heard a groaning. It was James Hamilton lying in pain. Father had struck him—father!—and broken his arm!

"Get me a horse!—anything, so that I get away before he repents his leniency and forgets his dislike of the law-courts and informs on me," he said.

I went to the stable and took Bashful, the mare, and saddled her and led her to him.

He drove away without a word and I went into the house—to see mother bathing father's face.

"Thee has done this," said mother to me. "Thy father forgot himself."

Father got up and took the "Rules of Discipline" and put them into the stove.

"I have broken all these," he said, and left the room.

I was wild, I bethink me.

Father came in again. "Where is the mare?" he asked.

"I gave it to James Hamilton," I said. "Thee maltreated him, and I helped him away."

Mother saw him raise his arm and she caught his uplifted hand. "Never that; no, no!" she cried out.

I went out. "I have caused it all," I said. "Can I let James Hamilton go away alone, ill? I must rectify it. Father can strike me and be right; but I can go against his will, and be right also."

I went to the stable and the colt was whinnying. "Go, Clover," I said, "go. I will follow thee."

The colt put its head up in the air, scenting its mother, and ambled off.

How long I followed through bush and briar! At last, with a cry the colt sprang at a gate. There was the mare, but James Hamilton was not on her.

I opened the gate. There was William Pennell.

"He is here, Faithful," he said; "and I see thee has kindly brought the colt to its dam. The mare brought James Hamilton of her own accord. She and the colt lived here, and she brought her rider almost unconsciously. He has been sorely hurt. Who did it?"

"I did it!" I cried out then, and could say no more.

It was dark when I reached home.

"Where is the colt?" asked father.

"It is with its mother," I said.

"Is thee acting well?"

"I am acting as my father's daughter," I said.

He turned away—belike he recollected placing the "Rules" in the stove.

After tea father said to mother:

"Rachel, will thee get me some more lotion?"

"I will get it," I said.

"Nay," returned mother, leaving the room.

"Father," I said, and my voice shook.

"Well?" he asked.

"I heard thee speak to James Hamilton in the garden."

"Well?"

"I do not know what ails me, father, but I am so aggrieved. Oh! why did thee not oppose me?"

"Thee said just now thee acted as thy father's daughter! Thee spoke truly. In my youth I was impulsive and headstrong. Had I opposed thee I might have made thee unhappy all thy life—thee would have loved James Hamilton."

"While now—"

"Thee knows not what thee says. Was it no pain for thy mother and me to see this man in his true light and know thee was fascinated by a glamor which would never desert thee while we opposed it with the stronger light of evidence, which would have bewildered thee till thee had wrecked thyself past any authority we have over thee? Suffice it to say that thee has taught me how selfish I am; for I let thee be unhappy, let thy mother and myself be unhappy. Yet when I knew this man had taken mere money I struck him. I have said I have broken the 'Rules of Discipline,' and why did I say so?"

"Because thee used violence; because—"

"Nay. Because I struck not before; because I waited until paltry gold should make me do what reasoning spirit never told me was my right to do. Yet now that I know this man is nothing to thee—"

"I cannot help it," I cried, "he is something to me." I expected a harsh word. But,

"Nay," he said, "thee proves much to me when thee tells me thee heard what passed in the garden this morning."

So, confused, I went up to my room.

I often went over those miles to see how James Hamilton did. And William Pennell always told me. Then once William told me, as I stood outside the gate, that father had been there that day. I was shaken.

"Has he been here before?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "and he has won on the patient. (He always spoke of James Hamilton as 'the patient.')

I was quiet for awhile, and then something emboldened me to say:

"William Pennell, suppose thee loved a woman without knowing her very well—thee knows how I mean—and afterward found that she was guilty of intentional fault, could thee cease to love her for that?"

"I could not love a woman unless I knew her very well," he said, "but if she deceived me and I afterward knew she had, I should not be competent to hate her."

"Thank thee," I said.

"But, Faithful"—and he came to me—"if I

loved as thee has put it, does thee think I should come to thee for thy opinion in the matter? That would prove I was uncertain of myself."

Yet even after that I liked to go. But once father said to me, "I suppose thee knows I go to William Pennell's? Thee need go no more thyself there; I will carry thee the news thee desires. Besides, thy visits are ungracious to William and scarcely gratifying."

Yet when my accustomed time for going came around I could not resist the inclination to be there. I told father so.

"Very well," he answered, "thee shall go with me."

When we got there father went in; then seemed to think this an undue advantage over me, for "Come!" said he, and I went in and saw James Hamilton. He was nearly well now, and was to proceed some miles hence on the morrow.

How strangely I felt! James Hamilton's voice seemed near yet coming from far off. There was an end to something—I thought more of what his opinion was of me than what I thought of him.

"I hope you forgive me," he said, "for your father tells me you know all. You were very kind and womanly to me, and I was unmanly for my own purpose. I wanted money and obtained it. See how truthful I am. Truth may mean the giving the lie to old miserableness. Yes, I go to-morrow. Farewell! And try to forgive what you must ever deprecate."

Then father took me away. On our way home I said and sobbed:

"I should like to give James Hamilton some money to help him do better."

"I have attended to that," returned father. "It is the old story of idle youth and perverted talents. William Pennell would have given him money, but he desisted for thy sake."

"My sake!"

"He deemed thee would not think him delicate in so doing, James being much to thee."

"And where does James Hamilton go?"

"He has obtained a clerkship in the mines, where he can arise to something and realize the nobility of labor."

"Father, thee has done this for him?"

"Faithful, I inherit sinew and muscle from a long line of healthful ancestors. Therefore, if I broke James Hamilton's arm and William Pennell mended it, it was my duty to find something for that arm to do."

When we got home I went and sat in the parlor and thought. Mother opened the door and saw me there, and closed the door softly again, and I heard her go along the passage. Then I went out in the lane, walking up and down. I wandered to the burying-ground, and thought and thought. Yea, a spirit of understanding came to me there in that sunny, quiet place, where all

confusion lay covered with soft, green, growing grass.

The next morning, "I am going to William Pennell's," I said.

Father looked at me—"I ought not to have told thee that James Hamilton leaves to-day," he said, sternly.

"Thee does not trust me yet," I said. He answered nothing.

"Father," I said, "does thee think we can love more than once? I do not." He turned to mother and groaned. I left them then.

As I came to William Pennell's house I saw William leaning over the gate in deep self-commune.

"Thee is too late," he said, gently but sadly, methought.

"Too late?" I asked.

"Yes; I wish I had known thee was coming. Ah, Faithful, we are both young; we know young love is not controlled by word of command, do we not, friend? No one ought to blame thee. Yes, thee is too late, for James Hamilton left an hour ago."

"Then I am in time," I returned, though I am conscious I reddened and was grieved that he, as well as father, imputed a wrong motive to my visit. William looked at me.

"I believe it was through me that thee came here," I said, "and I have come to take thee home with me."

He opened the gate and came out and stood before me.

"Thee must rest a spell," he said, "for thee is trembling greatly."

"Nay," I answered. "Will thee come?"

So we walked along. He spoke but little, though I am conscious he often looked at me.

"Father is a trifle displeased with me," I said, after a while. "For I said, when I left home, that we could love but once."

"Yea," he answered, "but is thee generous to say this to me? I am willing to go to thy home again, for I think thee has been overwrought by what thee believes to be harshness there and my presence will be best there. But I am a man, Faithful, with all a man's feeling, and thee must be silent upon one subject."

"And that is?"

"Thee must never mention to me thy feeling for James Hamilton."

"I will never mention it," I said; "for I never promised him anything, and I never break a promise."

"Faithful!" he cried.

"William," I said, "thee teaches me we can love but once," and slipped my hand in his. Then we heard a strange noise behind us, and there was Bashful and Clover following after us, cropping the soft, juicy green things on the way. We let

them follow, and had William let go my hand he might have guided the poor things rightly.

"Humanity more easily fails of its guide than beasts," he said, when I remonstrated.

When we got home, "Father," said I, "Bashful, the mare, has come home."

"And Clover, the colt, also?" he asked.

"Faithful brought us all back," said William, and mother laid her arms about my neck.

"Dorcas," called father at the door, and I knew that he was rather shaken and confused, "Dorcas, at dinner thee will lay the table for the mare and the colt." We could not keep from laughing, so he said, "Nay, Dorcas; not for four colts and mares, but for mother and me and these two young donkeys."

But Dorcas laughed too, and broke mother's little white porringer, which had belonged to grandmother Stilling, Dorcas being more or less obese and having a habit of shaking things out of her hands when she laughs heartily. But mother minded it very little, though she prized the porringer considerably.

"My!" said mother, "I must see the extent of the break. Faithful, thee go on with my work."

So I sat down and picked up the flannel and went on with the silk herring-bone around the edge till the silk was all gone. William offered to hold another skein for me. Then father went into the kitchen, also, mother desiring him to come see the extent of the damage to the little white porringer.

ROBERT MEYERS.

SONNETS TO THE SEASONS.

No. 11.

TO THE WILD STRAWBERRY.

[*"Give me, Epicurus, for the satisfaction of my palate, those luscious, crimson globes plucked by Arcadian boys among the green and tender grasses of Arcadian meadows. Give me one draught of that rich cream drawn from the udders of Arcadian kine—whilst over all, let trickle from the hand of some dewy-eyed Arcadian maid that golden store the honey-Queen hath hidden within the hollow trunks of Arcadian forests. Then mayst thou taste thy nectar and ambrosia, O great but inconstant Zeus!"—Youth of Arcadia.*]

YOUNG Prophetess, oh! fair art thou, I ween,
As was Cassandra, by Apollo seen

And loved in olden days—aye, fairer e'en.

What youth does not adore?—since thou dost tell
Of banquetings and all things that so well

Are greeted—a new Olympian feast—

Ambrosian fruitage from the sun released

And cooled in crystal goblets, overbrimmed

With creamy richness, and all greenly trimmed

By sun-browned Phyllis; then, too, golden-rimmed,

The dainty gift e'en Zeus could not disdain

Of Queen Melissa's honey-laden train,

That, trickling down, upheld in Phyllis' hands,

Circles the rubies all with gilded bands.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

PARTNERS.

AUNT LAURA came down, fresh and bright, from the little guest-chamber, seated herself in the inviting little sewing-chair, and began to unfasten her stick of braid preparatory to increasing the roll of ric-rac in her lap.

"I have long wanted to visit you in your new home," she said to young Laura; "and am only too glad now to gratify my desire."

"It was very good of you to come here first," said Laura, gratefully; "if Kate once had you she wouldn't leave me ever so little piece of a visit, and I do want a chance to show off some of my relations," with a little laugh and a heightening of the girlish color; "nearly all of Frank's uncles, cousins, and aunts have been here and scarcely one of my friends."

The elder lady glanced around the trim, bright little room, with the first gloss of its wedding finery worn off and the contented, homey look worn on, and said, thoughtfully: "You have reason to be thankful for your mercies; I think you are very comfortably settled here."

"Oh! yes, very," replied young Laura, animatedly; "and Frank's business is improving greatly. He said he could not have chosen a better location."

A slight pause ensued, in which Aunt Laura's deft fingers traveled round and round the dainty wheels and young Laura watched her contentedly.

"It is just a pleasure to watch you, Aunt Laura," she exclaimed. "You work as if you loved to."

"And why not, my dear? I have never found idle hands happy ones. This is such easy visiting-work. You see, I can talk as well as not; there is no counting stitches, as in lace-work."

"I don't like it because it doesn't signify," said Laura. "I like work that makes me feel that I have accomplished something when it is finished."

Aunt Laura smiled.

"That sounds just like the Laura of old. By the way, what are you going to have new this fall?"

"Nothing much," answered Laura, a little doubtfully. "I think I can get along pretty well with what I have."

"Ah!" said Aunt Laura, significantly; "let us see! What have you?"

"Well," said Laura, still hesitating, "I should not have thought once that I could make what I have do, but now I feel that I must. We are trying to save something," she added by way of explanation.

Aunt Laura glanced at her niece keenly, and then answered lightly:

"I see! Have you and Frank been making a compact? Is he to limit himself in neckties if you will go without dresses?"

"Oh! no," answered Laura, coloring a little,

"there hasn't anything been said about it, but I have been thinking that I must get along more cheaply than I ever have if we are to save much."

"Was your father a rich man, Laura?"

"Why, no, indeed! Auntie, we weren't out of debt, that I ever remember, while I lived in my father's house."

"Did you ever go shabbily dressed—you or Sadie or Alice?"

"No-o, I don't think we ever did; we used to think, sometimes, that we couldn't have as much as other girls, but when we needed anything it was always forthcoming. But I never thought much about where the money came from then."

"Is your husband worth as much as your father was?"

"Yes, auntie," said Laura, consideringly; "I think Frank must be as well off as papa now."

"Didn't you say that your income was increasing?"

"Why—yes, but then we want to have a margin for increased investment."

Aunt Laura smiled meaningly at the evident repetition of the last words.

"And so you will help your husband form habits which are hurtful both to himself and you—habits that you would do anything one day to destroy."

Laura opened her eyes in wide wonder.

"Is it a puzzle, auntie? I give it up."

"My dear, the very beginning of one's married life is the time to fix habits for the future. Too often, as you begin, you must go on. Human beings are not angels, however angelic lovers may be, and a little cool common sense, though exercised entirely out of sight, often molds a delightful future where the lack of it must mar one."

"Go on, auntie; I'm open to conviction."

"Seriously, then, there is no reason why you should neglect your appearance. Your husband has not lost his enjoyment of a well-dressed woman because he is married. By well-dressed, understand me, I do not mean unreasonably or extravagantly dressed, but neatly and appropriately, according to the season and the styles."

"I really do not think that Frank cares as much about my looks as he used to, for he seldom seems to notice what I have on now, and once he saw something to please in even a knot of ribbon or coil of hair. So if I save all I can I think he will love me as well as if I wore pretty dresses and dainty laces, as I used to."

Aunt Laura shook her head.

Laura looked up wonderingly. "Why, I thought we were doing very well and I was entertaining most sensible ideas. Haven't I heard lectures innumerable on the folly of living up to everything as you go along?"

"You mistake me, my dear. I do believe in a

right, wise, just economy. Nothing is more foolish than to spend as fast as you earn. Nothing, also, is more prejudicial to your best interest than certain false ideas which you, I see, in common with the most of womankind, appear to entertain. You have a wise, generous husband—see that you keep him so.”

“I don’t understand yet, auntie. Frank always gives me money, as much as I want. I often do not take what he offers me, because I think I do not need it.”

“Ah! Frank gives you money, does he? He is very generous. What becomes of the money you earn?”

“I don’t earn any, Aunt Laura. I wish I could. I have often wished that I understood dressmaking; then I could take in sewing and earn something myself, but I haven’t the least talent in that direction. I do think a woman feels more independent to have money all her own.”

“God forbid!” said Aunt Laura, solemnly. “The woman who turns her house into a shop except to earn her daily bread is unworthy the honor of wifehood. But how is it that you earn no money? You do not keep a girl?”

“Oh! no, I should think it extravagant with only two in the family.”

“You save a girl’s board then, and earn her wages at least.”

“Oh! yes, if you put it in that way, but I never looked at it so.”

“No, of course not. You loved Frank well enough to think that it would be a pleasure to work for him all your days, and his affection for you made him feel that he would enjoy buying bonnets and dresses and shoes for you all his life. You would have thought it mercenary to even hint of dollars and cents. Love’s largesse counts no debts. All the same, marriage is a partnership in the very closest, highest sense, and the man who stingily doles out a few dollars as a gift to his wife, or the woman who sues cringingly as a beggar for what she has justly earned, are both sadly mistaken. I leave it to you if Frank’s success as a business man does not depend upon you as much as upon himself.”

“Certainly! I have heard it said that a woman can throw out more with a spoon than a man can throw in with a shovel.”

“If Frank should take an office-boy and he should be punctual and faithful, his duties always well and rightly done, he would be considered to have justly earned his wages, whatever they might be.”

“I understand so far, auntie. Go on!”

“Well, then, when you and Frank became partners for life a certain portion of the work became his and another certain portion yours. He goes to his work every day—earnest, faithful, zealous—you stay here to yours no less so. Do you not

then earn a share of the income as much as he does? If he had a partner in business he would never think of questioning whether a part of the proceeds belonged to him. There is such a thing as justice and common sense in marriage partnerships as well as in business ones.”

“These are new thoughts to me,” said young Laura, slowly. “Of course, I suppose that, looking at it practically, I do have a right to think of it as earned by me. But I have always expected to work all my life and take what Frank chose to give me, and I have congratulated myself on having a better husband in this respect than many women.”

“Just so; now don’t spoil him. It is shameful to see some women manage to get a little money when they must have it. One woman said to me: ‘I’ve got to have some money to-day and I’m going to get up an extra good dinner and then afterward, while John feels good-natured, coax it out of him’—as if a man was a savage beast, to be cajoled only while his stomach is full. And more than all, she said it without any apparent perception of the humiliation of such a proceeding, remarking, as she came in with her roll of bills: ‘I told you I’d get it. I know how to manage him.’ Alas! that so many men have to be managed, if women get in the smallest degree what justly belongs to them.”

“I have seen a great many such instances myself,” said Laura, “but I never supposed it could be helped.”

“Not entirely, perhaps, while the general opinion prevails that a man generously gives a woman whatever she has, but in individual instances much may be accomplished by a wise beginning.”

“It is just this I don’t understand, auntie. How can any one help what is? A selfish man will be selfish and a generous man liberal. How can any beginning make a difference?”

“It seems to me that it not only can, but will. There is never a time when a man feels that all he has and is belongs to his wife as when he has just won her for his own. Nothing seems too much, then, to show his love and appreciation. Now, if from the first his generous bestowal of money be accepted as a matter of course, or if, as different men have different ideas of such things, one is careful to make known one’s own needs without any false pride or shame, it will be possible to establish a habit which will not be easily broken. Begin by talking over your economies together, wisely deciding upon them, and let them be practiced by both if you would sow seeds that shall blossom into a happy future. Do not attempt to take them upon yourself, alone and unknown to him, and so fit yourself for a position you will be likely to fall into—that of a mere pensioner on your husband’s bounty, to whom a few dollars are thrown for

decency's sake, as one throws a bone to a hungry dog."

"O auntie! you are mistaken. Frank would never treat me like that if I never asked for a cent in my life."

"Frank will become just such a man in these matters as you educate him to be. You have always heard it said that 'as the twig is bent the tree is inclined'—so be careful of these little twigs, that will grow into trees before you are aware and bear either blossoms or thorns for your gathering one day."

"I see you think I speak unadvisedly," she continued. "I shall have to give you a chapter from my experience. When Harry and I were married we went to housekeeping on a smaller income than you have. I had been a teacher, you remember, and, with a pride which some girls have, had furnished myself throughout with a complete outfit and still had some money left 'for trinkets,' mother said. But I mentally resolved that it should be some time before Harry had to spend any money on me. My dresses were all of good material, and I had carefully avoided pronounced styles, so that they would not soon be out of fashion. I had a stock of gloves, laces, and ribbons, and so really for a long time I had little use for money, and when I had I used my own. Just about the time when my wardrobe needed to be renovated baby came, and I was much more closely confined at home than I had been, so I told myself that really it wasn't so much matter how I looked, if I were only neat and clean, and that Harry would love me as well in calico and delaine as in cashmere and silk; and so, no doubt, he would, and better, too, if he had seen the necessity and appreciated the reason. Once or twice during the first six months Harry had said:

"Well, little woman, isn't it about time you had something new? Money doesn't count for much unless you help spend it."

"And I, proud of my independence, as I foolishly called it, assured him that I didn't need anything, and that money was made to keep as well as to spend."

"The last time, he replied:

"Why, what an inexpensive, saving little woman it is! Well, we'll keep it, since you won't help spend it, and when you want any, just say so."

"But clothes will wear out, and at last the time drew near when my wardrobe must be remodeled and replenished. My own money was gone, and I began to think it queer that Harry did not see my need and to feel aggrieved that he did not."

"I should think the blindest man on earth must know that clothes will not wear forever—I would say to myself, bitterly—and as the days went on I nursed this feeling, and a little hard

spot grew in my heart against the man I loved so well."

"I moped at home instead of going out with him as I had done, because I was too shabby to be decent, and I hoped that he would see the reason but he never appeared to notice."

"At last my necessities became so pressing that I saw I must ask for money, hard as it was. I turned the words over in my mind a dozen ways, wondering how I should say it—putting it this way and that, but finding one way no easier than another. It makes me smile now when I remember how my heart throbbed, my cheeks burned, and I trembled all over with excitement at the mere saying that I wanted what was really mine; but, like you, I did not see things rightly until taught by experience."

"That evening, plunging into the subject by a desperate effort, without stopping to think, I said:

"I guess I shall have to have some money, Harry."

"He laid down his paper, took out his pocket-book, and tossed a roll of bills into my lap without a word. It seemed easy enough, but my heart was sore for days with the humiliation of being compelled to ask."

"It had always been my habit to get good material when I bought any, as more economical in the end, but I needed so many things that I was fain to get cheaper articles, that my money might go farther. But in spite of my best efforts, 'the silver paper would not cover the basket,' and I was obliged to have more. This time the asking was easier, but the surprised, half-ungracious look that came into Harry's face smote me like a blow and roused my indignation to that degree that I said sharply:

"I shouldn't need so much if you had ever thought to give me any before everything I have was worn out."

"Sensitive to a fault, he was hurt by my tone and manner, and answered coldly:

"I have told you to ask for what you wanted. It is a marvel if one woman in the world is sensitive about asking for money."

"These unjust words exasperated me afresh, but I felt that I had been very unwise in my own remark and that the fewer words about these matters the better."

"One day, some time after this, when the gloss had worn off my cheap attire, making it look older than it really was, Harry and I were walking out, when we met a lady whom we both knew slightly and whose husband was no better off than Harry. She was tastily dressed in the latest style and best fabrics, and there was about her that quiet, self-possessed air that comes from a consciousness of being suitably dressed. While I was comparing myself with her—much to my own superiority, and wondering how my husband would

like it if I should dress like that—Harry remarked:

"What exquisite taste Mrs. M— has, and how well she looks to-day!"

"Swift as thought I answered:

"I presume I could look as well as she does if I spent as much money."

"I should think you had spent enough to make a better appearance than you do," he answered, with a critical glance.

"The words hurt just as sorely as if he had known the reason of my experiment, and I could not have spoken without tears, so I wisely said nothing, but laid up his remarks to be studied at leisure. I saw plainly that he admired a pretty appearance as much as ever, and that he still observed it in others. Could he be altogether blind to the lack of it in me? My husband's good opinion was worth more to me than anything in the world. Was I securing, or even retaining, it?"

"The result of much thinking was that I resolved to prepare a surprise for him when winter came. Once again I would indulge my taste, which he had so often assured me was excelled by none, and delight him with a wife as faultlessly appareled as Mrs. M—. The whole thing should be kept a profound secret and the bills sent in afterward.

"When everything was complete, I waited for some occasion which would require its exhibition. One evening when we were going out to call I arrayed myself in it and came down expecting to be thoroughly praised and commended.

"Instead of surprise and delight I read in his face only astonishment and consternation, and his dismay broke forth in the little phrase:

"Whew! What did all that cost?"

"Vexed and disappointed as I was, I retained my self-control, and answered lightly:

"Oh! money, of course!"—took his arm, and went on.

"You should have heard the lecture he read me that night on the sin of extravagance! But I had taken my resolution and allowed no word of his to provoke me to an answer. When he had finished, I said calmly:

"I presume I have spent no more money than Mrs. M—, whom you admired so thoroughly the other day."

"This closed the subject, and it was never referred to again. But I saw my folly, and resolved at any cost to cure both him and myself."

Aunt Laura paused and a little smile crept into the corners of her mouth.

"Go on, auntie. How did you succeed. I want to know all about it."

"I do not think your Uncle Harry is, or ever will be, the same in these matters that he would have been if I had been wise in the beginning, but by putting pride behind me and going ear-

nestly and systematically to work in my reform, I succeeded measurably well.

"However, I always feel like warning young people to begin right and save themselves much trouble and sorrow. Do not feel like a pauper and shiver at the thought of asking for that which justly belongs to you—if you must ask. No man ought ever to compel his wife to ask for money. He should see that she is supplied as regularly as himself.

"The reason that this duty is so often neglected lies away back in the home training of both boys and girls. Boys are nearly always given an allowance, or allowed to have certain shares for spending, but girls are expected to be entirely dependent on father's pocket-book, without a cent which they can justly call their own, and this, too, when they work as faithfully and earnestly in the home-field as the boys. Consequently, the one grows up accustomed to being dependent, and the other grows up accustomed to seeing them so. These things ought not so to be, my dear. There should always be equality of partnership. If women are not as good financiers as men—as is sometimes said—it is because they have never had a chance to be. Many of them, with their small opportunities, are better."

"Well, auntie," said Laura, "you have certainly given me many new thoughts. I will try and use such of them as apply to my case. In our family we always asked papa for everything, and sometimes we had to coax pretty hard, but I did not know as there was any other way, so I just took things as I found them."

"O dear!" soliloquized Aunt Laura, as young Laura went out to put on the kettle for tea; "why shouldn't people use common sense in this as well as in other matters in life? Why should a man who takes a partner for a few years see to it that he has his fair, just dues, and when he takes one for life think she must take just what he chooses to give her and ask no questions, betray no dissatisfaction? Well, well! it is one of life's insoluble riddles."

MARJORIE MOORE.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE greatest prayer is patience.—*Buddha.*

DO NOTHING meanly, nothing timidly.—*Cicero.*

THEY also serve who only stand and wait.—*Milton.*

THE higher one's ideals the nobler his future.—*Alcott.*

THE mother's heart is the child's school-room.—*Beecher.*

WHOEVER quarrels with his fate does not understand it.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

WE can do more good by being good than in any other way.—*Rowland Hill.*

THE WIFE'S LESSON.

PRETTY little Mrs. Ainsworth was in tears—pretty little Mrs. Ainsworth was in the habit of being in tears; it was one of her especial weaknesses and irritated her husband as nothing else could do.

"Eternally snuffing and blubbing," he had said, savagely, as he grabbed his hat and went out the front door with a rush and bang.

"O dear! dear! How could he be so cruel?" moaned Mrs. Ainsworth, crying the harder. "To go and leave me like this—and all because I wanted—twenty dollars for a new pair of curtains that we needed badly—and then to grow so angry; he's a bear! Oh! why did I ever marry him? I might have known—mamma said he was stubborn and had a temper. O dear! dear! dear!"

And lower sank her head in the sofa cushions and the little clock on the mantel ticked the hours away until Mrs. Ainsworth raised her head with a start of surprise.

"Twelve o'clock!" she exclaimed. "I wonder why Ned isn't here? What can keep him in the office so late at night? Hark! What is that?"

It was the sound of feet upon the pavement, followed by a sudden, sharp ring of the door-bell.

Mrs. Ainsworth hastily smoothed her hair and ran down-stairs and opened the door, starting back with a cry of terror at the objects that presented themselves. There, in charge of two burly policemen, was Ned, his clothes covered with mud, his face with blood, and his wild eyes and lolling attitude betraying all too plainly his deplorable, disgraceful condition.

One of the policemen touched his hat respectfully to the stricken young wife.

"If you please, ma'am, it's nothing serious. The boys at the store made a night of it and wound up with a row. The cut on his head is not dangerous and by morning he'll be all right."

"By morning he'll be all right," Oh! no, no!" thought Mrs. Ainsworth. "He is ruined—he will never stop now. I know his disposition, and I—O God! pity me! I helped to drive him to it."

"Assist him up-stairs, please," she said, "and then you can go," and she wondered how she could speak so quietly and follow them so calmly when her heart was breaking.

Strong arms laid him down upon the pretty lounge, and then the two policemen departed and the wife was alone with her sorrow and shame.

She wiped the blood from his forehead, smoothed back the wavy, silken hair, and knelt by his side and prayed.

"Help me; help me to be strong, O God! and to keep him from temptations," was the ceaseless prayer through the long hours of the night.

At last he stirred uneasily, and suddenly started up to a sitting posture.

"Hallo, Nannie! is it you? And are you through crying? Where are the boys and"—with a look of fear crossing his face, in his now awakening faculties—"where the mischief is that money?"—feeling nervously in all his pockets.

"What money, Ned?" inquired his wife, a new dread coming upon her.

"Why, the money I had of old Smith's. I forgot to put it in the bank, as he ordered, and went off with the boys on a lark, and—and by Jupiter, Nannie! it's gone! I've been robbed of my employer's money"—his face whitening like a dead man's as he sank back upon the lounge and regarded her in mournful horror.

"How much was it?" she managed to ask through her trembling lips.

"Two thousand dollars!" he said, with a groan, burying his face in his hands. "O little wife! I'm a ruined man. I never can repay it—that is, if I cannot escape; and I haven't a dollar. What a mad fool I've been! Hush! isn't that old Smith in the hall? Yes; I know his voice, and he's got wind of this somehow. I'll never be taken alive. Never!"—and as he spoke she saw something bright and shining in his hand.

She couldn't cry out, though she thought she was dying, and nearer and nearer came the voices and whiter and more desperate grew the face of her husband.

"Ned! O Ned!" she moaned, and—

"Why, what is the matter? Come, wake up! It's dark and cold in here as a barn. Why, Nannie, little wife, what is it? Did I frighten you, or was it a dream? I could not get away from the office sooner."

But she could not answer. She only flung her arms around his neck and sobbed so hysterically that he was really alarmed.

"How nervous you are, my darling! But listen: what good news I've brought! Mr. Smith came into the office to-night and smiled as he looked over my statements of sales and profits, and he said:

"You've worked hard, my boy, and merit an increase in your salary. We will make it fifteen hundred from this on."

"I don't know what I said. I don't think I said much of anything, but he looked satisfied and shook my hand so kindly and added that 'faithfulness found its reward usually,' and so you can have your new curtains whenever you want them, and a carpet, too, perhaps."

"Oh! I don't care for them now. I was so foolish to fret over such a trifle. And I've had such a dreadful, dreadful dream!" But she never could bring herself to tell him of it.

"I was unloyal to even dream so wickedly about such a good, kind husband. But I'll never forget it or the lesson it taught me. I'll waste no more tears over trifles."

ABBIE C. McKEEVER.

The Home Circle.

HOURS THAT SHINE.

A GAIN the term for the rule of the winter king has expired and nature is sending us long, sunny, promising days that invite us to revel in spring fever and reveries. During the warmest part of the day the windows can be open, and the air steals in, sweet and balmy and delicious. The spring sounds and scents are in the air, and away in the country we know the spring blossoms are opening their pure and shining eyes.

This morning a little bird flew in through the open window. He perched himself upon the curtain-roller and peered down at me lying beneath him on the lounge. He gave me his curious attention for a little, while I talked to him—or was this only my vanity and did he really bestow his attention upon the flowers at my side, receiving from them silent messages from his country cousins?

He did not tarry long, but flitted back to the open window. He did not, unfortunately fly, quite high enough, but fluttered restlessly against the panes, resting every now and then to get his breath in order to "try, try again." How the poor, tender, little heart beat! I could see its pulsations quivering through the whole frail little body. Consternation and terror were expressed in all his nervous, rapid movements, but he did not give up trying. At last he rose so as to find egress, and away he went, free once more. My heart sang a jubilate for him.

On my table, at my side, is a beautiful cluster of trailing arbutus. They come from the mountains. Every time my eyes rests upon their beauty, or when I inhale their marvelous fragrance, which seems to come more sweetly in little occasional breaths, as though some added thought gave added perfume, I see a vision of a little valley nestling among the mountains on the Hudson; such a beautiful, quiet, sequestered spot that it seems as though none of the ordinary cares of life could find their way to it or resist the spell of its loveliness.

My flowers are little, gay whorls of blossoms, white, with a rosy tinge just blushing over their surface. They grow in the woods in hidden, sheltered places, requiring both love and experience to find them. The little, tiny stem creeps close to the ground, humble, faithful, and showing how the purest white may lay its cheek on the very dirt without soil or taint.

In front of me, on another table, a few little wild flowers, anemones and hepaticas, are lifting up their sweet, modest faces with a breath of incense that is as sweet as faint to my heart, and as pure as the first dreams of childhood. These came from the places where in childhood and girlhood I used to wander and cull the earliest blossoms. I have but to close my eyes and I am in the grove once more. I can see the nodding flowers that greeted my coming. I know their every haunt. I can hear the light winds whisper and sigh. I can see the long, quivering lines of sunshine and the drifting shadows, can hear the

birds sing and see them flitting among the branches of the trees, chattering and choosing the places to build their summer-homes. I hear the rippling murmur of the streamlet, and with my hands filled with flowers and my heart with dreams—no realities—I can return home to meet the smile of the dearest dear mother that ever could be as she says: "Thou always loved the flowers, dear child." I can see the old home after the blossoms are arranged and dispersed about the house, and then—I can open my eyes and see myself now—far, far from all possibility of such home-love again while life lasts.

No! I will take that back. I see myself now blessed with all the home-love I have ever had. Everything that has been mine once is mine forever. Every joy I have tasted, every precious memory I possess, every recollection I cherish, every friend, all love I have ever had and received, are mine, by the dead kisses—not of the dead, but the living past—they are consecrated mine forever.

Every experience, every incident, every action—yea, even every thought—contributes its iota toward forming the character, molding the individual being which we become. According to the food with which we are nourished physically, mentally, and spiritually we grow in body, mind, and soul. From the past grows the present, and the present is but leading on toward the future.

The budding of eternal life takes place under the frosts and snows and chilling blasts of this life. When the snows have melted away, and the winds are stilled, and the frost has disappeared from the soil of the heart—lo! the blossoms, of marvelous fragrance will be there, even as the budding arbutus trails its sweet length upon the dew of the scarce-dissolved, wintry winding-sheet.

"The roots of nature are in the human mind. The life and meaning of the outward world is not in itself, but in us." We can see and touch the body of the natural objects by which we are surrounded, but this is only the body; their message is to our souls. Those who have the most within themselves will see and understand and receive the most from without.

With what power the early blossoms appeal to the fancy! We wonder over them ever anew. They bring us ever anew the message of a loving Heavenly Father, to whose thoughts they give one of His many forms of expression. They carry in their breath a whole epitome of budding, blossoming, and fruition—of conception, inception, and consummation. They carry us backward until memory almost overwhelms us with its rushing overflow. They bring dreams to which no mortal tongue can give utterance. Tears, smiles, hopes, and sorrows awoken at their touch, and we are everything that ever we have been—and they bear us heavenward, whispering of the time when every beautiful and noble desire will be able to open into the fragrant flower of perfect action.

The spring-time brings with it the recollection of one who "in her youthful beauty died"—just when the dainty, early flowers of spring were taking on the deeper tints of summer; one who, herself, was like unto these pure and delicate wild

flowers—so shy, so modest, so unassuming—that it seemed the fittest time of all the year that she, with them, should take her flight and burst into the fuller bloom of mature life in the summer air of Paradise, for she, like them, had

—"breathed
Her life so unobtrusively—like a heart
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world."

The time of our transplanting perhaps may find its likeness and appropriateness in the material world, even as we are sure it finds its perfect rightness in the spiritual world. I recall another "passing of the spirit" that took place when the winter storm-winds blew and the winter air was chill and piercing—when all the world was cased in a mail of ice.

The life had been strong, pure, unfaltering in its devotion to the highest, but the way had been long and dreary and ice-bound. Over it all, however, had shone the steadfast rays of the Sun of Righteousness, the light ever breaking through the darkest clouds, illuminating all the frosty way, making it brilliant and beautiful—to those who can see the light of righteousness—and its warmth was ever softening the particles of human life which might have congealed, preserving the seed and nourishing the growth in spite of all apparently untoward conditions.

Oh! the happy, happy years these loved ones must have spent. I, too, am happier for their release from suffering, care, and sorrow. Although there are times when it seems as though my own way might be cheered and lightened by their presence, yet I know the knowledge of their freedom, their peace and blessedness, is a greater comfort still, and the light from the shining hours of their eternal lives shines through the clouds between and lingers about me in my still, shadowed walk on earth.

AUNTIE.

CASTING SHADOWS.

WHY is it that some people always cast shadows? No matter where we meet them, or in what condition in life they are found, clouds are round about them and their habitation is blackness. They may be kind, well-meaning people, and we pity them from the bottom of our souls, for of all men and women they are among the most miserable. We would gladly do them good, we would gladly bring joy and sunshine into their shadowy homes and desolate hearts if they would only let us, but they will not heed our cheery words of greeting as we try to draw back the curtain of darkness that surrounds them so that a ray of sunlight and freshness may enter their souls. But no, they only grasp the veil between them and the sunlight with a firmer hand and say nay, nay; that we mean well but that we don't understand their peculiar case; that the circumstances by which they are surrounded are so different from ours; that their diseases are so complicated that we cannot understand; that their trials are so many and so much harder to be borne than ours that it is utterly impossible for us or anybody else to fully realize their state of mind or body. They tell us that they are only the wreck or mere shadow of former strength and beauty, but oh! so worn and faded now.

We urge a change; tell them the day is fine, that a short walk or drive would do them good. But no; they cannot endure either. To them the atmosphere is damp or chilly; they have rheumatism, neuralgia, lung or heart disease, and it always makes them worse whenever they are exposed to the open air; or, perhaps, it may be work that must be done. Very likely, for there is a plenty of that commodity on hand in almost every household.

I think there are but few of us who do not at times overwork, and then we are apt to become tired, cross, and out of sorts in every way. We are sick and discouraged, and we may as well own it at once. But is that any reason why we should make every one who is obliged to be around us as uncomfortable as we are ourselves? But, really, can we not accomplish more work in the twelve months by leaving "Dull care behind" and spending an hour or two occasionally in being happy ourselves and making others so?

Try it once; yes, twice, my desponding sister. There is healing in it. If your husband comes in unexpectedly from the field and says: "I've got to have my plow-point sharpened. Don't you want to put on your hat and go to town with me? I shall not be gone more than an hour or two; or if you don't want to ride as far as town go as far as Mrs. So-and-So's?"—don't let a shadow come over your face. Don't say: "I am not ready. I have so much to do. I have to bake pies or puddings for dinner, and then you should have told me this morning if you had wanted me to go with you"—when most likely he himself didn't think of it ten minutes before.

Your husband doesn't urge the point. He only throws off his outer soiled garment, dons his coat, jumps into his wagon, and is off to town. But there is a shadow somewhere; if it is not on the brow it may be in the heart, which is far worse.

O woman! did you act wisely? Perhaps you could not have left home for an hour even on that particular morning; perhaps you had no help, or the baby was not well, or there was no baking done; certainly there were no pies nor pudding; but cookies, doughnuts, or even a boiled or steamed custard, that could have been gotten up in a few minutes on your return, would have answered once for dessert. I do not claim that a woman can leave her work at any hour in the day or any day in the week to even make a call, but if it were not convenient for you to leave home, could you not have declined the well-meant invitation more gracefully? Men do not always realize how much their wives find to keep them at home or to worry and fret them, but frowning and constant complaining do not mend matters.

Ten chances to one, the next time your husband has occasion to go to town he will start from the field across lots, and in his shirt-sleeves, too, and when your nice pie or pudding is taken from the oven and placed steaming-hot upon the table at twelve o'clock he will not be there. You wait ten, fifteen, perhaps twenty minutes, and he does not come. The shadows begin to gather. One o'clock, and the husband puts in an appearance, but the pudding has steamed itself away until all its redeeming qualities have vanished into thin air. The vegetables are there, but the relish for them has departed, for they no longer possess the savory qualities which they did an hour before. The

shadow deepens into a frown and the late dinner is partaken of in silence, which is better than with complaints or sharp and cutting remarks.

Let us try and chase the shadows from our brow. Smiles and kind words will do more toward driving them from our own hearts and homes than anything else we can do. Let us remember what the Scripture saith: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and contention therewith." But wives are not the only ones who cast shadows. I have known the opposite at the table to cast shadows over the little household by an unkind word or look that did not entirely vanish with the noon-day meal.

MRS. O. D. SCOFIELD.

HINTS FOR HELP.

HAPPY LODGE, March 25th, 1883.

DEAR FRIEND:—Some expressions used in your last communication have suggested a few thoughts which will, I trust, prove helpful to you at this time. The first of these thoughts arose in my mind upon reading your statement: "My life is just that of a common household drudge." You can hardly imagine my grief upon thus learning your belittling view of your daily life. Now how can I help you? By trying to convince you of your error? The work of a house and the care of children need never become drudgery unless you make them so, and in order to avoid so doing you must accustom yourself to entertain only the noblest thoughts concerning these important duties.

First, regarding the housework: Why do you do it? "Because I have to, not because I like to." Ah! there is your error; throw away that worthless drawback to true, earnest labor, and look upon your daily toil in the light of the following ideas which I present, hoping to assist you:

This house, wherein I do my allotted portion of the work which the Divine Master has divided among His workmen and workwomen, is my home and the home of my husband and children; they must always rejoice when the hour comes round for returning to it, and be glad if their stay may be prolonged in its peaceful shelter. Husband must say: "It is almost worth while to be too sick to attend to business when one has such a delightful home to rest in." Children must say: "I shall be sorry to grow up, because I will be obliged to leave this happy home." Think of this, dear friend, and count it no *drudgery*, but a blessed privilege, to make your home so pleasant and attractive that your husband and children will think no other place in the whole wide world half so delightful. Follow my suggestion about taking up an interesting book when you find your thoughts settling down in a gloomy channel. When you are through with housework, throw yourself into an easy chair or on a couch and rest thoroughly, either with or without reading, only be sure to encourage none but cheerful, pleasant thoughts; and it is difficult to do this when tired unless you read something interesting.

Once there was a girl who was shut up in a room so dimly lighted that she could but just see across it. She was given a frame, upon which was stretched a piece of canvas. On this she was told to work out a certain pattern, fastened up *wrong side out*.

She did not question, did not complain, but patiently, cheerfully went to work. More than this, to every one who entered she gave a loving, helping word, and shared her frugal meals with those who had nothing to eat. Often in the dim twilight of that room she sang songs of such tender, holy pathos that passers-by stopped to listen, and often such triumphant strains rang out from her lonely solitude that those who listened felt themselves strengthened, cheered, and encouraged to take up once more the burdens they had dropped as too heavy to carry.

Time went on. One day a messenger appeared from the one who had appointed the girl her task. He took the work without comment and departed. Soon afterward he reappeared and bade the girl follow him. She did so, and in a short while found herself at the gate of the palace. She was ushered into the presence of the King. Imagine her astonishment upon beholding her work adorning the walls of the audience-chamber. Right side out now, and, oh! marvel of marvels! upon the glowing canvas was depicted in beautiful, symbolic imagery all the kind words and loving acts which had characterized the lonely hours of patient toil. While with tears of gratitude the gentle girl beheld this wondrous vision the scene changed and the great audience-chamber was filled with thankful men and women, striving in vain to express the gratitude which they felt toward the singer, whose unconscious voice had so helped and strengthened them in their weakness and encouraged them in hours of despondency. Then said the King: "Bring forth the golden crown and royal sceptre and bestow them upon this patient worker. She who can labor faithfully in the dark is worthy to reign in the light in sight of all the earth. Bow down before her, all ye people, for she is worthy, ay, nobly worthy your allegiance." Then from the assembled multitude arose a deafening shout of triumphant joy.

So, dear friend, you, also, are working in the dark on the wrong side of the canvas. So, too, shall the King of kings approve your work one day, and all the loving words you speak, all the kind acts you perform, all the songs of cheer you sing, will be treasured up against that same glorious day.

Be of good cheer, then; count all your toil a sanctified and holy avocation chosen by the Lord Himself and bearing His signet.

Your true friend,

RUTH ARGYLE.

WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO?

"QUEER TOYS."

LONG, stormy days and winter evenings are apt to become very wearisome to the children and we need to plan for their comfort. I always regret to see the little ones wandering aimlessly about, with the plaint: "Nothing to do, nothing to do," and it is best that their busy, restless hands should be kept employed.

Some time ago I read of corn-stalk toys, and they are as odd as the name would suggest, but children rejoice in their oddity. Take the pith of corn-stalks and fashion it into all manner of birds and animals, using the woody part of the fibre for legs, etc. But I have found sunflower-

stalks to be much nicer. Take a piece about a foot long and with a round stick push the pith out and carefully straighten it. It is white and pretty and little hands speedily learn how to use it.

Also tiny potatoes and other small vegetables of odd shape will make up into most wonderful looking creatures, and the older members of the family must needs laugh at the marvelous birds and unnamed animals thus produced. Surely nothing ever existed that bore any likeness to them! But what matter. The long day or wild, wet evening may become a delight and the children be filled with merriment.

As for the useless "litter" that troubles so many careful housekeepers, I would say—Give the children boxes, and plenty of them, and what differ-

ence if the covers are bulged in the middle or the corners give way? The little ones will all have left us in a few years; then no more noisy frolics, no more shouting, until the very house is in an uproar; no more bear-hunts in the parlor, or wild races in the flower-garden; no more hugging and kissing, until one begins to wonder what the ending will be—for the children will have grown up, and some of the loving ones may have gone away with the blessed angels. We may come to a day when a window-ledge filled with dilapidated playthings, or the print of a rosy finger on the polished furniture, would bring a thrill of joy to the heart and no vexation. Bless the little darlings and make them glad. F.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

DURING one of those still evenings in the very heart of summer, when the twilight, deepening apace, seems to withdraw the earth from us and bring the heavens near, a mother and her little girl sat together by an open window and both looked up to the sky. The lady was lost in thought, but her child counted the stars to a low, merry tune, singing: "Two, six, ten, twenty, a hundred—a hundred bright stars! Oh! how many, many, many! and how bright!" until, turning to her mother and grasping her dress to secure attention, she exclaimed, with sudden energy:

"Tell me, mother, is heaven in the stars?"

"Gently, Alice," said her mother. "In the stars? No, certainly not."

"Where is it, then? In the sky between the stars? Do tell me where it is. Once you said you would tell me when I was old enough to understand, and I think I can understand now."

"Come here, then," her mother replied, holding out her arms to her little girl; "sit quietly on my lap and I will tell you something about it, but you must be very attentive, because it is not easy for a little child to understand such great truths. You asked just now whether heaven were in the stars. What did your father tell you yesterday about the stars?"

"He told me that some of them, but only just a very few, were worlds something like our world, and that they went round and round the sun and had day and night and summer and winter. The rest, he said, were great suns, ever so far off; oh! so far off that nobody knew how far some of them were, and he had no doubt there were worlds going round and round those suns, too, and people in the worlds who were put there to learn what is good and true, and he supposed they were tempted to do wrong and were sometimes unhappy, as we are."

"Then do you suppose heaven is there?"

"Oh! no. Of course, it is not. I did not think of that."

"No, my darling child. Heaven is not in any place which we can see with our bodily eyes. We cannot point with hands of flesh to the road that leads to that country, nor walk along it with these

feet. If you went up into the depths of the sky and searched it through from north to south and from east to west, you would not find heaven there nor meet one angel on your way."

"Then, mother, are you sure there is a heaven if it is not anywhere?"

"Sure? Yes, as sure as that I love you and you love me. Do you love me?"

"Why, mother, you know I do."

"Are you sure? Can you see your love?"

"No."

"Can you lay hold of it with your hands?"

"No."

"What shape is it—round or square?"

"I don't know," said Alice, laughing. "It is not any shape."

"Where is it? Can you tell me that?"

"No; I am sure I cannot. It is all inside of me—all inside my soul."

"Then, you see, there can be a real thing which you cannot look at with your bodily eyes nor touch with these little hands, and which does not occupy any earthly space, but which is still a real, true, living thing. Just such a real, true thing is heaven, only it is a different kind of a thing—different kind of world from this earth, and, like your love, does not fill natural space. You say that your love is inside of your soul—there, then, and not on the earth, or among the stars which lie all outside of it, you must look for the paths that lead to heaven. If you pray to God and try to do what you know is pleasing in His sight, He will show it to you and lead you in it safely."

"Will He really show it to me? and will it be beautiful—all covered with flowers?"

"You know I told you that we cannot see those things with our bodily eyes; but if you try to be a good girl, God will put true thoughts and gentle, loving feelings into your heart, and they will guide you to heaven, where the pure and happy angels live."

"Could I see the angels with my eyes?"

"Not with those eyes."

"But I have not any other eyes."

"Yes, you have. Your spirit has eyes."

"I don't think it has, mother—for when I shut these two up so"—said Alice, pressing her lids so tightly together that scarcely more than the tips

of her long lashes were visible—"I cannot see one bit; it is all dark."

"That is because your spiritual eyes are closed."

"But why can I not open them?"

"God has not given us the power to open them while we are in this world, and if they were open we could no more see earthly things with them than we can see heavenly things with our bodily eyes."

"What should I see with them?"

"Any spiritual thing that was near to you—very painful and ugly things if you were naughty, beautiful things and angels if you were good. Do you not remember how often in the Bible we are told of good men who had their eyes opened, and they saw and talked with angels?"

"Yes," replied the little girl, and added, in a low and reverent voice, "they saw the Lord, too, after He had risen, and He blessed them. He said, 'Peace be with you.'"

"Yes, love; all those holy things men saw with their spiritual eyes when it pleased God to open them."

"Why will He not open ours now and let us see angels?"

"God loves us, my child, with an infinite love, and if it were good for us He would do so; but He does not, and therefore we may know that it would do us harm. Do you think if you saw angels and other spiritual things about you all the time you could attend properly to your lessons and the other duties you have to perform here?"

"No," said Alice; "I do not think I could, for even the little birds flying past me make me look up from my book."

After a long pause, during which her mother kept silence, that the little one might have time to garner in her golden harvest of new thoughts, she looked up again and said, with great earnestness:

"Mother, I should like to die."

Kissing tenderly her little, upraised face, her mother replied:

"I hope, dear one, that you will like to die when it is God's will to take you; but, remember, merely dying does not take us to heaven. You must be glad and grateful to live; you must make the very best use you possibly can of the time God gives you, for it is only in doing so that we can become good and happy in this world, or any world. And now, my darling, it is late and you must go to bed. Give me one more kiss and do not forget to say your prayers before you go to sleep. If you are a good girl I will tell you more about heaven some other day. Good night."

Little Alice went to bed full of new thoughts, but no sooner had her innocent head touched the pillow than she was in a sound, sweet sleep.

THE SAD STORY OF MOUSIE GRAY. FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

ONCE upon a time, in a nice, warm, little nest made in a bundle of old carpet under the back stairs,

There lived a mouse, so blithe and gay,
All dressed in coat of silver gray,
Who had no work to do all day,

but just to run about after his long, silky tail, or nibble nice crumbs, or roll himself up into a soft

ball and sleep as long as he wanted to. He had kind parents and only one or two troubles, the worst of which was that

Brothers and sisters he had none,
And when he started for a run,
To race alone was just no fun!

And he used to weep and weep and wipe his eyes on his tail until it was so wet with his tears that he was afraid it would strike in and give him an extreme cold in his head,

So he would spread it out to dry,
And sit alone and sob and sigh,
And sometimes wish that he could die—

so lonely did he get while his parents were away toiling for their daily bread.

He had a suspicion that there had sometime been a larger family, for when he used to sometimes complain of his loneliness his father would solemnly shake his head and say: "Hush! my child," while his mother would cover her eyes with her paws and groan until his hair raised on his head. And never, on any account, was he permitted to leave his home, except when he went with his parents to pay a visit to distant friends. But on the whole, he was a very nice, obedient, little mouse, and stayed at home very contentedly.

But one day his mother said, as she started away:

"My darling, as the day is fine,
I think we shall stay out to dine,
And may not be at home till nine."

"O mother! do let me go too!" cried Mousie Gray.

"No, indeed, child!" said his mother. "I can't be watching you all the time and the old cat is shut up in the kitchen to-day, and you are so careless you would be sure to get caught. Don't let so much as the shadow of your tail leave the nest to-day—"

Just gnaw this piece of nice white-pine
And make your teeth as sharp as mine,
And to-night I'll bring you a nice cheese-rind!"

Sly old mouse! She did not tell him that the cook was out to spend the day and that she and the old father-mouse meant to make a grand raid on the pantry, in spite of the cat! But they went along,

And Mousie Gray gnawed loud and long
Upon the shingle stout and strong,
And ate his crumbs, and sang a song,

and had a real nice time until the day was nearly gone, when, as he was running about to rest himself—as he passed the door, he smelt—yes! he was sure

He smelt the smell of toasted cheese!
It smelt so strong it made him sneeze!
And, oh! what longings him did seize!

for if there was one thing that he doted upon more than another, it was toasted cheese!

So he walked closer to the door and sniffed and sniffed again. It surely was close by! He thought he would just peep out of the door the least little bit and see if he could see it.

He ventured softly to the door;
Yes! there—right on the kitchen floor
He surely saw a pound or more!

"Dear me!" said he; "how glad my mother

will be if I can get that all brought in before she gets home."

So out he whisked and set his little, newly sharpened teeth into the biggest piece;

And then he felt his blood turn cold
And knew that he had been cajoled
Into the great cat's cruel hold!—

for her paw was on him!

"Drat the mice!" cried the cook. "I thought that toasted cheese would fetch 'em. They're mortal fond of it."

A little later on, as the old mice hurried home across the kitchen while the cook's back was turned, they saw the old cat lying by the warm fire,

And there was blood upon her jaws,
And bits of fur upon her claws,
And just beside her—but I pause!

I cannot possibly harrow up your feelings by telling you of the awful agony of the distressed parents as they beheld there the last of their beloved offspring—his elegant long tail! Either the old cat had saved it for dessert or her appetite had failed at the last moment, for there it lay, a sad souvenir of

That merry mouse, who did not stay
Within his house that dreadful day,
But did his parents disobey,

and so came to a melancholy

END!

FAUSTINE.

Health Department.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING BY BOYS.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM STEVENS, Principal of one of the Philadelphia public schools, has called the attention of the Board of Education to the prevalence of cigarette-smoking and the general use of tobacco among the scholars in the public schools. In his communication to the Board he states that the public schools of Philadelphia contain at least fifty thousand pupils, a large proportion of whom are addicted to the use of tobacco in various forms. "It is evident," he says, "even to the casual observer, that since the institution of the cigarette, the use of tobacco among our boys has increased to an alarming extent, and if not checked must necessarily inflict upon them all the evils that are sequences of so pernicious a habit. It is therefore the duty of all who are interested, either as educators or supervisors of the intellectual and moral development of the young, to use every effort, both individually and collectively, to restrain as far as possible the use of tobacco, by bringing the subject prominently and constantly to the attention of our youth."

As one of the means of arresting the growth of this health-destroying habit in the school under his care, Principal Stevens has had the following form printed and pasted on the inside of the cover of every text-book in use, so that the moment it is opened the scholar sees the good advice. Besides this, he has had the form printed on the books of the meritorious and such other of the school-blanks as are deemed of sufficient importance to be kept by the recipients as evidences of good deportment, scholarship, etc.:

THE THREE R's.—Read, Reflect, and Resolve that you will never use intoxicants or tobacco. Intoxicants greatly shorten life. The following table, prepared from a series of careful observations made by Mr. F. G. P. Nelson, of London, contrasts the "Expectations of Life" for temperate and intemperate persons:

Ages.	Temperate.	Intemperate.	Loss of Life.
30	44.2 years,	15.5 years,	28.7 years.
35	36.5 years,	13.8 years,	22.7 years.
40	28.8 years,	11.6 years,	17.2 years.
50	21.2 years,	10.9 years,	10.3 years.
60	14.3 years,	8.9 years,	5.4 years.

A distinguished French physician has investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were addicted to the habit.

Twenty-seven presented distinct symptoms of nicotine poison. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of the circulation, indigestion, dullness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drink; in three there was heart affection; in eight decided deterioration of blood; in twelve there was frequent bleeding at the nose; ten had disturbed sleep, and four had ulceration of the mouth.

John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States, says: "In my early days I was addicted to the use of tobacco. More than thirty years have passed away since I renounced its use. I have often wished that every individual of the human race afflicted with this artificial passion could prevail upon himself to try but for three months the experiment which I have made, feeling sure that it would turn every acre of tobacco land into a wheat field and add five years of longevity to human life."

James Parton, the American biographer, who discontinued the use of tobacco after having been a slave to it for thirty years, says: "I have less headache. I enjoy exercise more, and step out much more vigorously. My room is cleaner. I think I am better tempered, as well as more cheerful and satisfied. I endure the inevitable ills of life with more fortitude, and look forward more hopefully to the coming years. It did not pay to smoke, but it decidedly pays to stop smoking."

Mr. Stevens further says, in his communication to the Board of Education:

"I have been seriously considering this subject for some time. The fact of the matter is that no vice exists which is so swiftly and silently dealing destruction among the rising generation as the use of tobacco. It does not make so much difference if the habit is contracted after the age of twenty years, but experience has proved that the use of tobacco is rarely begun after that age. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the smoker or chewer learned the pernicious practice while at school and at a very early age, when the evil effects are more vivid than at any other time. Dullness of intellect is the most marked symptom. I have two hundred and seventeen scholars under my charge at the Wyoming School. Of course, I am not able to judge accurately just what proportion of the whole number use tobacco, but it is a fact that many of them are addicted to the habit. The use of the form I have suggested for general circulation, together with a strict conformity to the sectional rule prohibiting the use of tobacco in any form during school hours is, however, gradually stamping out the vice. The idea I have sent to the Board of Education has already received the emphatic indorsement of the Association of Male Principals."

Evenings with the Poets.

THE BROKEN TOY.

A BROKEN toy! what memories cling
Around this half-forgotten thing;
What baby-laughter seems to rise,
Like old, delightful melodies;
What shouts of wordless, tuneful joy,
At sight of this poor broken toy!

O tiny feet that would not rest!
O dear head pillowed on our breast!
What would we give to hold again
The form we lost, 'mid tears and pain!
Ah, child! the empty cot is ours,
But thine the sunshine and the flowers!

What could we give thee, should'st thou come
To smile again upon thy home?
Such little pleasures as we know
In this, our twilight life below;
Some fragments of earth's paltry joys,
A handful of its broken toys!

How calm thy lot—forever blest;
How exquisite thy happy rest!
How changeless, joyful, and serene,
Compared with what thy lot had been
With us—whose fleeting, clouded joys
Are at their best but broken toys!

Chambers's Journal.

SKEPTICISM: A FABLE.

UNDER a maple-tree by the shed,
In a barrel the tabby-cat made her bed;
Four little kittens, round and fair,
White, black, and spotted, were cradled there;
Just eight days old, and they thought they knew
The whole of the universe, through and through,
And never dreamed they had cause to fret
Because their eyes were not opened yet.

Fresh leaves flickered on every stem,
Shadow and sunshine played over them;
On the climbing rose-tree beside the shed,
The blossoms each day showed a deeper red;
The flame-colored oriole passed in quest
Of the bough best fitted to hold his nest;
The robin built in the fir-tree tall;
The wren found a nook in the wood-house wall;
All things were throbbing with life and bliss—
But what could the kittens know of this?

To sleep in the barrel where they were mewed,
Blindly to nuzzle about for food,
To crawl over Tabby when dinner was done,
To bask in the rays of the morning sun,
Seeing nothing of that which warmed them so—
This was all which the kittens could know,
Yet they thought themselves fitting, none the
worse,
To judge all things in the universe.

"Listen," said Spot, to the other three,
As the birds sang above them jubilantly;

"Hear how those voices forever repeat:
'The world is wide, and the world is sweet!'
But we know what the world is, whatever they say,
It is round and narrow and full of hay."

Said Speckle: "Yes, and they speak of 'light'
And 'blessed sunshine' and 'morning light';
Let us be thankful we never knew
These foolish fancies of things untrue."
Whitey and Blackey both agreed
That only kittens were wise indeed.

But the very next morning, by Nature's law,
Their eyes were opened—the kittens saw!
They saw the morning, they hailed the light—
They looked on the wide world, fair and bright,
And the kittens owned, like the queen of old,
That half of the glory had not been told.

We cannot see with our blinded eyes
The world of beauty which round us lies;
Scarcely we hear, and but faint and low,
The angel voices which come and go;
Yet the world of causes, however we doubt,
Closely is pressing our lives about,
And our eyes shall behold it, clear and plain,
When the veil of flesh shall be rent in twain.

M. C. PYLE.

SPRING TIME.

EARTH'S heart with gladness glows again;
Gone is all wintry gloom;
The sun peeps through my lattice pane
And fills my little room
With life divine, and bids me fly
My book and pens awhile,
And wander forth beneath a sky
That wears an April smile.

Old loves at every step I meet,
Sweet fragrance fills the air;
Such songs of praise the birds repeat
As moves my soul to prayer.
E'en primrose clusters on the bank,
And violets, nestling low,
To Him uplift a look of thanks,
From whom all blessings flow.

The hyacinth hangs her languid head
And waits the gentle May,
Now drawing near, with noiseless tread,
To kiss her tears away.
The fields with daisies are besprent
As white as flakes of snow,
And from the whispering woods are sent
Joy-murmurs soft and low.

The yellow butterfly shall take
The tidings to the town,
And bid the pale-faced toiler make
For moorland, mead, and down,
To mark the beauties that abound
Wherever he may rove,
And gather from God's garden ground
The blossoms of His love.

Housekeepers' Department.

INNUTRITIOUS BREAD.

BBREAD fermented to the last point of sweetness or the first degree of acidity has the nutrient all consumed in making as large a loaf as possible out of the smallest amount of dough. The natural result of the consumption of it is, that people who use it chiefly suffer from deficient nutrition. If there were a law requiring bread to be sold by the pound, such starved bread would gradually disappear. Other cheaper substances would then be used to make it nutritious, palatable, and quite as white without the deleterious alum. It is the common saying of most people obliged to use it: "I am so tired of bakers' stuff."

So, many good housekeepers overtax themselves that much, in addition to labors necessarily performed at home. And the family devour the fragrant, appetizing loaves, into the manipulation of which the woman of the household has put the last ounce of her finer vitality, and they—Hans and Pat, as well as John—go on their way out into the compound-oxygenated atmosphere rejoicing, while she languishes, overcome by the burned-out, starved air of the kitchen, and by the expenditure of just that remnant of vital force. Even farmers might better sell all their wheat, as they now do wool and flax, and buy bread, were good bread to be had, than to put heavy burdens upon the one woman whom they have solemnly vowed to "cherish," for it is difficult, nowadays, to get any other help to go with him into the solitude of country life, and she nourishes him on ambrosial diet compared to that furnished by the ordinary "eating-houses" of the city. Truly, the noblest lives should abound in the country, and that may be one reason why "Little Jimmy" grew up to be President, for it would be safe to affirm that the elder Mrs. Garfield fed her brood in the lonely log-cabin on as good bread as ever the younger lady achieved at Lawnfield as a high art.

Said a widowed lady of wealth and culture in the City of Brotherly Love: "When my girl goes for her annual vacation and we endeavor to get along on baker's bread, we invariably become irritable and peevish, so now we keep right on making our own," and she cut the fair loaf at the picnic, with just the proper pride in its beauty that any one should have who makes bread at all.

Small wonder that the lower classes crowd the courts with petty quarrels.

Sound, fine-grained, mealy potatoes make good food for white bread, and rich, sweet pumpkin, stewed dry, for brown bread. We have tried it often enough to know—the best way in the world to learn anything.

Recently there has been the surprising but sensible advocacy of using clear soup stocks, of beef, veal, or mutton, for mixing bread.

What a loaf for a lunch, or for a person "going out into the woods" not "to starve." There you have your bread, meat, and vegetable in one compact, nourishing bundle; when, if you can find the hidden strawberries in your sunny meadows, you are prepared for celestial visitants.

LEWIS OLIVER.

RECIPES.

OAT-MEAL PORRIDGE.—This is a simple and wholesome dish. The American oat meal is better than the Irish for this purpose. Soak it over night in cold water. In the morning turn it into a quart of salted boiling water. One large teacupful of oat-meal is the proportion. Boil rapidly at first, stirring it constantly. Then cover closely, set at the back part of the range, and let it cook slowly half an hour. Serve with cream.

POTATO PUFFS.—Take any outside slices of cold meat, chop and season with pepper, salt, and cut pickles. Mash potatoes, making them into paste with an egg; roll out with a dust of flour; cut round with a saucer. Put the seasoned meat on one-half and fold like a puff. Fry a light brown.

SCALLOPED ONIONS.—Boil, till tender, six large onions. Take them up, drain and separate them; put a layer of bread or biscuit-crumbs in a pudding-dish, then a layer of onions alternately, until the dish is full. Season with pepper and salt, add a little butter, moisten with milk, and brown half an hour in the oven.

STEWED LIVER.—Cut up into slices half a pound of calf's liver and the same quantity of fat bacon; put, first, a layer of bacon at the bottom of a pie-dish, then one of liver; sprinkle with pepper and salt, add one medium-sized onion and one apple, both cut up; cover down and let it stew gently in the oven for about one hour and a quarter. No water is required.

GREEN-PEA SOUP.—One quart can of green peas, three quarts of beef or chicken broth, or water in which meat was boiled; add two or three rounds of an onion, some bay leaves and savory, a little salt and cayenne. Boil four hours; strain through a sieve, pressing the peas well through. Return to the fire; add one pint of water and a tablespoonful of butter; boil a few minutes. Serve with some croutons of fried bread.

POTATOES A LA DUCHESSE.—Take some cold, boiled potatoes, cut them into rounds, cutting with a cake-cutter wet with cold water. Grease the bottom of a baking-pan and set the rounds in it in rows, but not touching one another, and bake quickly, first brushing them all over—except, of course, on the bottom—with beaten egg. When they commence to brown, lay a napkin, folded, upon a hot dish and range them regularly upon it.

PUDDING A LA MONTMORENCY.—Half a pound of rice boiled till you can pulp it through a hair-sieve, the yolks of three eggs, and a quarter of a pound of butter; mix carefully together without oiling it; then add half a pound of stoned raisins or sultanas, six ounces of loaf-sugar, and a large spoonful of orange-flower water. Mix thoroughly, put it into a mold, and boil three hours; serve with custard poured over it.

Art Needlework.

WORK IN APPLIQUÉ.

APPLIQUÉ is formed by laying upon a rich foundation small pieces of materials, varied in shade, color, and texture, and so arranged that a blended and colored design is formed without the intervention of complicated needle-stitches. The stuffs most suitable for the foundation are velvets, cloths, plush, cloth of gold and silver, for applying satin, silk, plush, cloth of gold and silver, satin sheeting, and velvet.

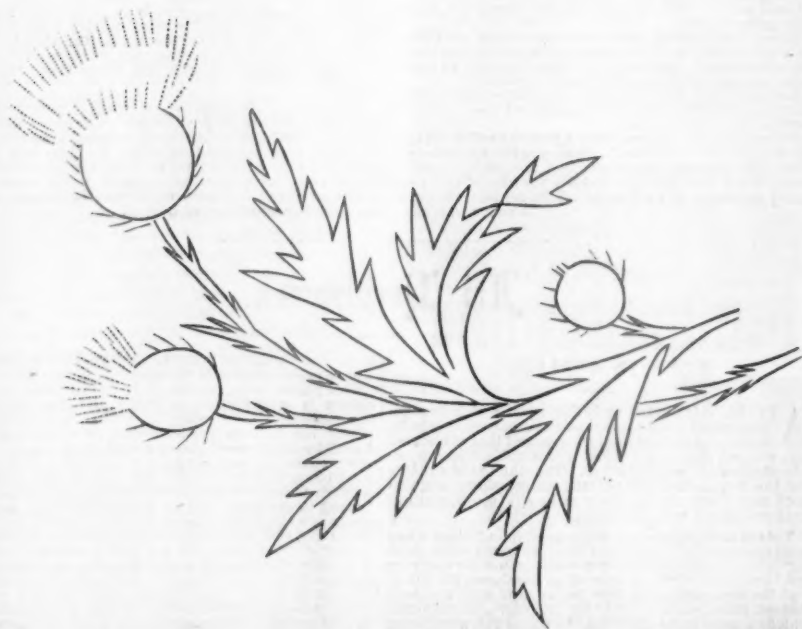
Velvet and plush only make good foundations when gold embroidery is laid upon them, as they are too thick for lighter weights, but they are admirable for applying gold and silver cloth upon, and are handsome for either, but the cost precludes their being used with freedom. Velvet, plush, satin, and silk are, therefore, the materials chiefly employed for applying, the aim of this work being

to lay one handsome material upon another, as though it were a raised portion of the same.

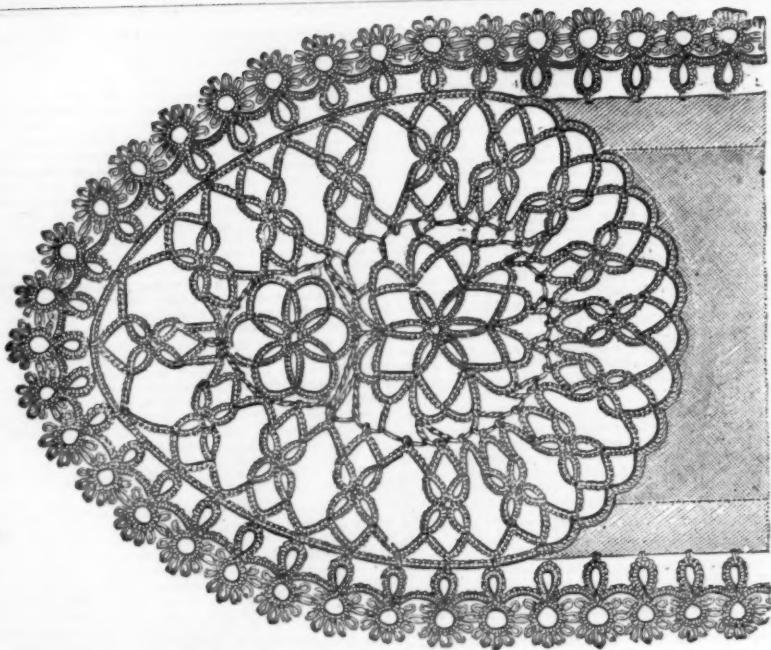
The pieces being ready, their background or foundation is stretched in a frame and the outline of the pattern traced upon it. The various applied pieces are laid in position—one at a time, and secured by being sewn down round their edges. These sewn edges are concealed by a handsome gold or silk cord being laid over them and caught down tight by a stitch brought from the back of the material and returned to the back. These fastening-stitches are often made of a silk of a different color to the cord they catch down and should be put down with great regularity and neatness. The cords also are laid on single or double; if double, their colors are of the two most prominent shades of the work; if single, they generally match the foundation-color. They should never contrast with the work or be rendered obtrusive by their coloring, but they should enrich by their beauty and depth of tone.



LITTLE BOY BLUE.



THISTLE.



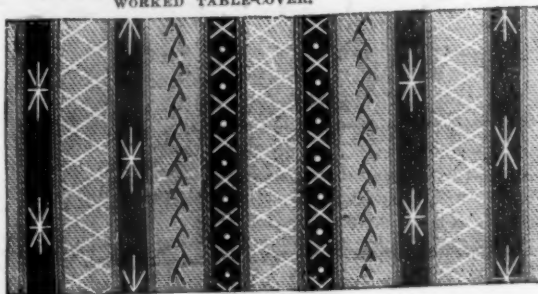
END FOR NECKTIE.



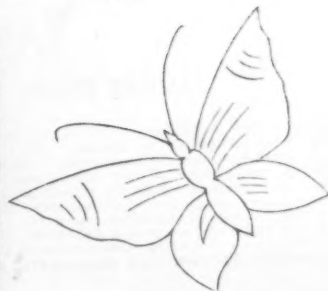
WORKED TABLE-COVER.



ROSE.



TICKING WORK.



BUTTERFLY

Much of the beauty of applique depends upon its design, but combination of color is an important item in its success.

The appliqué work of the present season exceeds in elegance anything which has previously come under this head. The materials are not only richer, but they are much more elaborately treated. There is, for example, at the rooms of the Decorative Art Society in New York, a mantel lambrequin of dark red ornamented with a design of ripe pears on the branch, which is made to bend, vine-like, to the necessities of the narrow strip. The fruit is cut out of various shades of olive plush, including a greenish golden shade. These pieces are over-worked heavily at the edge with olive crewels, which give a rounded effect, and the same crewels are used on the surface to represent the irregularities of the fruit, leaving the plush for the high lights. The pears are arranged singly or hanging together—in the latter case the lighter overlapping the darker with charming results. The leaves are cut out of deeper shades and over-worked in the same way with crewels. The stem is done in Kensington stitch with brown crewels, and is outlined with gold thread, as are both the leaves and fruit. It will be seen that the work, from the depth of the plush and the subsequent treatment, is in high relief, which adds greatly to its richness.

Dogwood, in high-piled white plush, over-worked in the same way with crewels slightly varied in tint, is especially desirable for this method of decoration. There are also many conventional designs cut out of plush in dull tints, particularly of blue, red, and olive. With these much tinsel is used, not merely in outlining, but massed in centres and at the heads of branching scrolls.

Relief work of all kinds is greatly used. Among the last and most striking effects are branches of horse-chestnuts, with the nuts made in three-quarters relief of tinsel cord and brown silks. It is impossible to describe the making of these, but it may be said that if an effect is reached, the way in which it is done is of little importance, and many of the most skillful embroiderers do their work immediately from the natural object. The advantage of this is found in many ways, and chiefly in the fact that it cultivates the habit of independent observation and opens the way to the introduction of new motives, which is the chief aim now of all those whose business it is to furnish embroidery to the public.

A less elaborate appliqué is made with fine *écru* linen laid upon satin sheeting or silk grounds. This kind is generally continuous as to design, and the *écru* linen can be cut out and applied to the ground as one piece. The *écru* linen is not pasted, but stitched to the foundation, and the stitches concealed by feathers or buttonhole-wide-apart stitches worked over them.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Little Boy Blue.—This little figure is most appropriate for a child's bib, but may be used for numberless other purposes, such as school-bags, tidies, book-covers, doilies, etc. Work in outline-stitch, in crewels or washing-silk, on any material.

Thistle, Rose, and Butterfly.—The use of these three designs will at once suggest themselves to the mind of the worker. They are given in the full size and can be easily traced or drawn on any material. Work in outline-stitch, in natural colors, with silk or crewels.

Ticking Work.—A modern embroidery worked in imitation of the bright and elaborate embroideries executed in Arabia, Persia, and Turkey, and one which

reproduces the gorgeous coloring for which they are celebrated, without the same amount of labor being expended. The work is intended to be bright and therefore is formed of bright colors, but these are selected with a due regard to their contrasts, and care is taken that they are such as would be found in Eastern embroideries and not those obtained from aniline dyes, such as grass green, mauve, magenta, and startling blues. The work is used for summer carriage rugs, garden chairs, banner screens, couvrepieds, parasol covers, and such small articles as mats, bags, and cushions, and it is made with ordinary blue and white ticking, or white and gray ticking, or with French ticking, which is woven with bright lines of red and orange colors, instead of being only of subdued tints. Besides the ticking, which is used as a foundation, bright-colored ribbons, braids, and ribbon-velvet, varying from a half an inch to an inch in width, are required; also narrow gold braids and purse-silk of many colors. For very narrow work, such as is required for needlecases and other small articles, what is known as Breton ribbon and China ribbon are used, as these are woven in quarter-inch widths. The braids or ribbons are sewn down at intervals upon the ticking, following the lines woven in it, so as to allow of the foundation appearing between them; they are then secured either with narrow gold braid stitched down to each edge, or they are edged with lines of stitches worked in the purse silks and finished off in the centre with embroidery stitches. The ticking left exposed is also embellished with embroidery stitches. The cut shows the general effect of a number of lines of ticking covered with fancy stitches.

End for Necktie.—In working this design use tating cotton No. 50 and two shuttles or threads. The end is worked in four pieces and joined. The piece consists of the large and small rosette that make the centre, the insertion surrounding them, and the edging around the insertion. To work: Commence with the largest rosette. Wind the cotton upon two shuttles and knot the two ends together with the first thread. Make a loop and work upon it 10 double, 1 long purl, 10 double; draw up the loop and turn it downward; close to it work upon the second thread with the first thread the scallop that connects the six centre loops of the rosette together, make the scallop with 8 double, 1 purl, 8 double. Turn the work and close to the scallop work a loop as already described, but join this loop to the first one made, instead of making a purl in it. Repeat from * four times, so as to make five with the first loop, six loops and five scallops. Then work another scallop and fasten both the ends of the thread on to the second thread over which the first scallop was worked, where the scallop joins the first loop. The inner round of the rosette completed, work the outside round. Commence where the first round left off and work upon the second thread with the first thread * 6 double, 1 purl, 5 double; fasten to the purl of the scallop on the first round, and then continue with 5 double, 1 purl, 6 double; fasten to the thread between two scallops of the preceding round. Repeat from * five times. For the small rosette work like the first round of the large rosette.

Worked Table-cover.—Cover of olive silk serge, with embroidery at both ends. After tracing the design on the material, work the flowers with maize, yellow, and old-gold silk in crewel stitch, the leaves and buds in pale and dark olive crewel wool, the stalks in both shades of the same wool intertwisted. The border is worked in stem stitch and the dots in satin stitch and the waved line in outline stitch, also with olive wools. The ends are ornamented with a netted fringe of olive wool, with balls and tassels of maize, yellow, old-gold, and olive wool.

Fashion Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE chief novelties seen in this season's fashions appear in **spring millinery**. Straw bonnets are dyed all shades, the familiar black, white, and brown being least in favor of all. Among the new colors in spring bonnets and hats are shrimp-pink, wood-color, moss-green, cardinal-gold, strawberry, raspberry, and sapphire, and military-blues. As a rule, such bonnets are trimmed with a new silk lace of the same shade, relieved by a bunch of three ostrich tips of the same or of a contrasting color. This rule, however, does not pre-

vent the introduction of flowers, pearl or gilt ornaments, or bows of ribbon.

Another novel **trimming fabric** is a silk gauze, either of one plain shade or brocaded or striped with bright colors.

A new ribbon is known as **Egyptian ribbon**. This has an Egyptian design upon a light-brown ground meant to represent the sand of the desert. Other ribbons have a plain centre and **Egyptian borders**.

The **newest fancy** in bonnet ornaments is for tassels, pompons, and thistles, of gilt and silver tinsel. Tinsel also appears in the leaves and stems of flowers.

In **spring materials** for costumes, little is seen that is absolutely new. All fabrics, silk or woolen, seem to display a tendency toward fine checks. This is especially the case in **spring silks**. These latter present the glacé, tafeta, and shot effects, so different from the soft foulards and sarais recently worn, and which these newer spring silks will not entirely supersede. Some of these light silks have for a ground a fine check, over which is a larger plaid of a contrasting color. One dress pattern is composed partly of plain checked material, partly of the material covered with large blocks of velvet. The plain part is intended for the main portion of the dress, the part displaying the velvet for the draperies. Such a costume is further trimmed with bands and loops of velvet.

Another fabric is light woolen **tweed**. A novel dress of this material is of "burnt bread" color, trimmed with soft draperies of red silk.

Gray and black and gray and violet are two favorite combinations for costumes of **light woolen materials**. The gray constitutes the main part of the dress, the black or violet, sparingly used, the trimming. In a gray costume trimmed with violet, a bunch of violets, natural or artificial, is worn at the neck and another at the belt. These gray dresses are sometimes elaborately embroidered with pearl and opal beads. One has an apron-front covered with a large triangle-design in this shimmering embroidery; on the left shoulder of the same dress is a peacock-feather, the eye composed of opal and gilt beads.

A New Silk.—Novelties in dress goods appear in every variety in our shop windows. When anything really new appears attention is at once called to it. We have recently seen a sample of silk manufactured at Genoa which outrivals any similar goods in the market. It is called "Cashemire Marguerite;" it is a silk of medium weight, beautiful finish, and durable color. From a cursory inspection we should judge that it is a very serviceable article, and will give eminent satisfaction to the wearer. Ladies should be sure that they get the genuine article, which has the name stamped on the selvedge of every second yard.

Wash dresses are to be trimmed with a profusion of gathered ruffles. In making up calico, chintz, lawn, saten, or other cotton materials, it will be safe to have a plain round waist, short panier, and round skirt, with a deep, gathered flounce. The favorite material for white dresses will be mull, either dotted or figured. Especially will this be the case for bridesmaids and graduating dresses. A costume of mull may have a round, gathered waist, no overskirt, a skirt with a plaited back-breadth and a front-breadth made to imitate three wide aprons, one above the other. Such a dress is trimmed with a profusion of Valenciennes lace, or bands of fine Swiss embroidery. A graduate's dress, by universal consent, must be all white, though now the fancy is for cream or ivory in preference to dead-white. So a fair graduate may wear with her white mull, sash and bows of ivory-satin ribbon and white kid gloves and shoes. But a bridesmaid may add to her snowy costume a few dashes

of bright color. In a bridal procession the several bridesmaids may have dresses made after one prevailing model, but slightly varied by the different shades of their ribbons—sky-blue, shrimp-pink, or pale-yellow.

This seems to be the era of **violent contrasts** in the combination of materials. Thus, silk velvet may trim cotton-saten, Japanese foulard drape heavy velvet skirts, and rich silks be decorated with canvas embroidery. A singular combination is velvet and veiveteen, either plain or striped.

On some of the Worth dresses the seams are so joined that the **selvedges** will show on the outside. When a rich silk has a bright border of red, gold, or blue, such an arrangement may be made very effective. But so far fashion-writers who have noticed this innovation pronounce it more eccentric than beautiful.

In **models for dressmaking** very little new is seen, though some old fashions present novel features. The **plaited skirt** is in full favor, but the plaits are somewhat differently arranged than heretofore. The back breadth may be all plaited; the plaits reach to the knee in front, forming a sort of a flounce, while above this is an attached apron-front overskirt, tapering up on the sides and terminating in a short puff in the back. Or, a deep gathered flounce may be arranged all around the hem; above this, from the belt down, may be laid the main part of the skirt in clusters of plaits, a box-plait in the centre of each, and above this may be a very short panier. A short, puffed panier, full in the back and scarcely visible in front, is called the **vertugadin puff**.

Apron-front overskirts, never entirely out of fashion, have taken on a new lease of favor. Some of these are hand painted or embroidered in æsthetic designs. Sometimes a whole apron front is covered with jet embroideries.

Canvas lace, which first appeared as children's collars, will be the great novelty for dress-trimmings. This is similar to what is known as Renaissance embroidery, and, at a distance, has much the effect of cream Spanish lace. The foundation is of *écru* canvas, cut out and buttonhole stitched, the solid figures joined by rope-like stitches, as in *ric-rac* trimmings.

Watteau wrappers having a broad plait in the back now divide favor with the Mother Hubbard wrappers, worn of late. A dressy Watteau wrapper is of foulard silk, with a jabot, or cascade of cream-lace down the front, and a narrow knife-plaiting around the hem. A simple Watteau wrapper in chintz or saten, needs no trimming but collar and cuffs of Irish point or Russian lace and a few loops and bows of ribbon.

The favorite stockings are **black silk** or **hale thread**. Even infant's stockings are black. When colors are worn they are generally solid, or, at most, two contrasting ones, instead of the variety heretofore seen. It is now a common practice to wear under colored hosiery gauze Balbriggan stockings to protect the skin from the dye.

Notes and Comments.

Coffee as an Antidote to Alcoholism.

THE following, which we take from the *Boston Popular Science News*, is of great public interest. The facts stated are derived from high authority, no less than that of the Vice-Director of Medicine at Rio Janeiro. If the free use of coffee will indeed diminish and finally remove the taste for alcohol, then we have an antidote, and a pleasant one, at hand in every household, and one which can be easily dispensed:

At the Social Science Congress at Geneva, in a discussion on the best means of fighting alcoholism, the Baron of Theresopolis, Vice-Director of the Faculty of Medicine at Rio Janeiro, produced statistics showing that the number of drunkards in a country is in inverse ratio to the amount of coffee consumed. "In Brazil," he said, where great quantities of coffee are used and where all the inhabitants take it many times a day, alcohol is completely unknown. It appears that the immigrants arriving in our country, with this terrible passion for alcohol, contract little by little the habits of our people, acquiring their fondness for drinking coffee and their aversion for

liquors. The children of these immigrants, brought up with coffee from their early years, never contract the fatal habits of their parents. We can therefore conclude that the more coffee we take the less desire for alcohol we have."

A South American correspondent of the *Philadelphia Medical Times* confirms these statements of the Baron. He says:

"The number of *cafés* in the large cities of Brazil, where hundreds of persons, from the highest down to the lowest classes of people, go in to take a cup of that delicious beverage which none but Brazilians know how to make properly is enormous, whilst drinking-saloons or bars are very few and their patrons fewer still, in consequence of which a public drunkard is a rare person to be seen."

According to the *London Sanitary Record*, Dr. Guimarães, of Rio Janeiro, who has been making many experiments upon animals to determine the physiological action of coffee, comes to the following conclusions:

"Coffee is directly useful, owing to its assimilable principles, and is also especially useful indirectly, owing to the large quantity of nitrogenized food which it causes to be consumed. It is probably superior to stimulants, such as alcohol, because, taken in even large doses, it

leaves a perfect equilibrium between assimilation and dis-assimilation, while at the same time permitting the tissues to be consumed to a greater extent. Although many points remain obscure in the mechanism of this impulse given to the most important organic functions, it is now known why the use of coffee is beneficial to those who wish to make a full use of their powers. It acts both as a stimulant and as a reparative agent, and while permitting of a greater expenditure of force and a greater consumption of nitrogenous substances, it clearly increases the capacity for work."

We may mention, in connection with the above, the case of a saloon-keeper in Chicago, as related to us by a gentleman familiar with the fact. Becoming clearly aware that the drink-habit had gained such a hold upon him that unless it could be broken utter ruin was before him, he resolved to stop—if, with his greatly reduced will-power, that were possible. To use a familiar phrase, he "swore off"—something that he had often done before. But this time he brought to his aid the free use of coffee, keeping it always ready and drinking it whenever he felt a desire for alcohol. In the beginning he often used a gallon of coffee a day. Gradually, as the alcohol became eliminated from his system, the desire for it grew less and less, the coffee supplying all the stimulus needed. To any and all who are so unfortunate as to have become enslaved to the liquor habit, and who wish to be free from its accursed thralldom, the coffee-cure is commended.

There Is No Death.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate:
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers—
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now her everlasting song
Amid the Tree of Life.

And where he sees a smile too bright
Or heart too pure for taint of vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
Is Life—There are no Dead!

The above poem, by Mr. J. L. McCreery, of Washington, D. C., originally appeared in this magazine, July, 1903. Since then it has been widely published in newspapers, periodicals, and collections of poetry, in most cases credited to Bulwer. We take from the *Washington World*, of March 10th, the following interesting paragraph in regard to its fate since it first appeared:

"In ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for July, 1863, appeared an original poem, entitled 'There Is No Death.' One E. Bulwer, of Illinois, copied it, signed his own name to it, and sent it, as his own, to the *Farmers' Advocate*, Chicago. Some paper in Wisconsin quoted it, and, apparently supposing that 'Bulwer' was a misprint for Bulwer, changed the signature accordingly. Other editors, seeing the poem with this signature, and supposing that it of course meant the famous English author, at once began to republish, and the poem has thus been reprinted in probably every State if not in every newspaper in this country, and in England, Ireland, and Scotland; it is to be found in various hymn and song books, in at least one school reader in wide use, and in many bound volumes of selections; and it has been quoted in speeches in various State Legislatures and in Congress. It may thus be found embalmed (credited to Bulwer, as usual) in the *Congressional Record* for the second session of the Forty-sixth Congress. We have also seen it many times ascribed to the famous George D. Prentiss, and for some time thought he really was the author."

A volume of poems by Mr. McCreery, in which he reclaims this beautiful production, has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Death of Mr. James Hungerford.

MR. JAMES HUNGERFORD, the well-known author, died at his residence, 88 North Gilmer Street, Baltimore, Md., on January 13th, of organic disease of the heart, from which he had been suffering for some years.

Mr. Hungerford was from Calvert County, Md., his ancestors having been among the earliest settlers of the State. He was born February 11th, N. S., 1814, and was therefore in his sixty-ninth year. He came to Baltimore at the age of fourteen, and was educated at Ashbury College, graduating with the highest honors. He studied law in the office of the late Samuel I. Donaldson and was admitted to the Bar of Baltimore on completing his twenty-first year, but devoted almost all his time to literary work, and almost up to the time of his death contributed to a number of leading periodicals.

Among his best known prose productions are *The Old Plantation*, a work descriptive of life in Southern Maryland in old times; *The Master of Herndon*, *The Mystery of Eldon*, and *A Wonderful Balloon Excursion*. His poems and ballads have been characterized as "belonging to the highest order of poetry." He himself thought "*The Old Maryland Line*" and "*The Soul and the Wave*" among the best of his poetical productions. Mr. Hungerford married Miss Mary E. Burbridge, of Cumberland, Md., who survives him, with two sons and three daughters.

Popular Science News.

THE title of that excellent monthly paper, the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, has been changed to *The Popular Science News*. It is published at the low price of \$1.00 a year. The information it gives on various scientific subjects, as connected with industrial art and household economics, renders it invaluable to the people as well in their homes as in their workshops. There is scarcely a family in the land to which it would not be worth in a year ten times the subscription price. It is published by Austin P. Nichols & Co., Boston, who will send a specimen copy to any one desiring to subscribe.

Prehistoric Man in America.

WE refer to the deeply interesting article under this title in the present number of the *HOME MAGAZINE*, as one that will well repay perusal. It gives the substance of a lecture by James Wood, of Albany, N. Y., delivered before the students of Haverford College, Pa., and their friends, on February last. A lady who was present took notes and then wrote out an abstract of the lecture, which we publish. Most readers will find it as interesting as a romance.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

The following narrative is self-explanatory. "The letter which precedes it," says the *New York Times*, "is a true copy of the original, and was sent to us, together with the details, by an officer now in the United States Navy:"

"UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NOMAD,
"NAVY-YARD, BOSTON, MASS.,
"January 10th, 188-.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Your kind favor containing congratulations on my restoration to health is before me. When we parted thirty months ago little did we imagine that either would be brought near death's door by a disease which selects for its victims those who present an internal field of constitutional weakness for its first attack, because you and I were in those days the personification of health, and can claim this to-day, thank God! Why I can do so will be told to-morrow when we meet at your dinner, as you only know that I have passed through a terrible illness—my delivery from death being due to the wonderful discovery in medical science made by a man who to-day stands in the front rank of his fellow-workers—unequaled by any, in my own opinion. That I—who heretofore have ever been the most orthodox believer in the old school of medicine, its application and results—should thus recant in favor of that which is sneered at by old practitioners, may startle you, but 'seeing is believing,' and when I recount the attack made on my old hulk—how near I came to lowering my colors, and the final volley which, through the agency above mentioned, gave me victory, you will at least credit me with just cause for sincerity in my thankfulness and belief. I will also spin my yarn ament my China cruise, and altogether expect to entertain as well as be entertained by you. With best wishes,

"Sincerely yours,

"

"Rear Admiral U. S. Navy.

"HON. GEORGE WENDELL,

"Sinclair Place, Boston."

An autumnal afternoon in the year 188- found the taut flagship Nomad rounding the treacherous and dangerous extremity of South America. And this day certainly intended to place itself on record with those of its predecessors marked stormy, its nastiness in wind and weather giving all hands on board the flagship their fill in hard work and discomforts. The record of the Nomad on this cruise, which she was now completing on her homeward-bound passage to Boston, had been most disagreeable, when considered in the light of heavy weather work. From Suez to Aden, then on to Bombay, Point de Galle, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Nagasaki, and Yokohama, the balance sheet stood largely in favor of old Nep-

tune's rough characteristics; but with remarkable evenness the health and original roster of the ship's company stood this day as it did nearly three years ago, with one exception. Throughout the diverse and varied exposures incidental to cruising over the Asiatic station, where cholera, fevers, liver complaints, malaria, and colds of all degrees reign in full force, none of the crew had suffered more than temporary inconvenience, and thus it seemed very hard that now, in the closing days of the cruise, there stood nine chances to one against a victory being at last scored for the destroying angel, Death. When the Nomad reached Shanghai in the early portion of her cruise, her Admiral was the healthiest man aboard. A grand specimen of manhood was he. Over six feet in height, weighing two hundred pounds, broad in chest and strong in limb, he rightly claimed for himself a full share of nature's blessings. While returning late one night from a diplomatic reception at the consulate at Shanghai, through overheating and insufficient protection from the dangerous effects of the peculiarly damp and searching night air, he caught cold. "Only a cold," remarked the Admiral to the doctors of his ship, "and easy to cure." So thought the medical officers; but with a quiet though insidious progression, this cold clung to the Admiral in spite of their best efforts to eradicate it, and when the time came for leaving Yokohama, homeward bound, the Admiral realized that his lungs and throat were decidedly out of order. The doctors advised returning home by mail steamer to San Francisco, so that greater means for curing this persistent cough might be found in the Naval Hospital there, but the Admiral preferred to stick to his ship, still imagining that his trouble would eventually be overcome by the doctors' treatment.

No one who looked at the Admiral even in those days imagined that he would fall a victim to lung trouble. But it was the old story again typefied in this case: only a cold at first, and in spite of orthodox treatment, the peculiar climatic effects of China nursed it and hastened the sure result of such a deep-seated trouble. Time passed after leaving Yokohama for Boston, bringing varying symptoms in the Admiral's case, and the doctors imagined that they held the disease in check, at least. But with the formation of tubercles, night-sweats and the now rapid consumption of lung tissues which had set in with alarming symptoms, the patient realized that his cold had laid the seeds of that fell agent of death, *consumption*. The hacking cough of the Admiral had in itself been sufficient food for serious consideration,

and now, as in the warm autumn days, the flagship gallantly rode over the blue waters of the Pacific, bound for Cape Horn, the doctors hoped much for success. But this boisterous afternoon found the good ship struggling with gigantic seas set off from the Cape by a fierce northerly wind. Leaden were the heavens and sad the hearts of all aboard, for that morning the usual bulletin of the medical officers had set forth this intelligence: "The Admiral is in the same condition as reported last night. A burning fever has been slightly reduced, while other symptoms are as heretofore announced." All understood these words without questioning. The beloved Admiral had during the last two weeks sunk very low. The symptoms of blood-poisoning—a torpid liver, intense pain throughout the body, eyesight and mental faculties affected, appetite gone, through inaction of that great regulator, the liver—these were the means which had reduced the Admiral from the pinnacle of health to the valley and shadow of death. Consumption held full sway now, and the well-known skill of naval doctors was, in this instance at least, completely foiled.

The Admiral had issued orders for the flagship to touch at Montevideo for coal, and it was the intention of the doctors to land the Admiral there for treatment. But one man in the ship was wrapped in the gloom of despair, as standing by the weather-rigging on the poop-deck he gazed absently over the seething waste of waters. This was the Admiral's son, a lieutenant, and attached to his father's staff. He feared that the wear and tear of ship-life would sap his father's strength beyond endurance and before the ship could reach Montevideo. Among a group of sailors gathered around one of the great guns on the spar-deck stood the captain of the foretop, Brown, a slight but healthy-looking man. His companions were listening to a recital of his sufferings from consumption, which had developed while he was attached to the sloop-of-war *Ranger*, lying in the harbor of Yokohama a year ago, this "yarn" having been started by a discussion about the Admiral's condition. The men had just returned from some work around the deck, an order for which had interrupted Brown's story a few moments previously.

"A year ago this day, I was hove-to in the 'pill man's' sick bay in the *Ranger*, then off Yokohama, an' I tell you, pards, 'twas no use pipin' my number, 'cause I was nigh on passin' in my enlistment-papers for a long cruise aloft," continued Brown. "Consumption had me flat aback, and the doctor says it was no

use to stow away his lush in my hold, seein' that my bellows was condemned by a higher power than he could wrestle with."

"How did you pucker out of it?" asked a gunner's mate.

"Wa'all," replied Brown, "my Chinese wash-man came to me one mornin' an' he says to me, 'Me hab got allee same Melican man medikin, do you heap good!' I says, 'Bring it off, Chang, I buy all the same.' That afternoon Chang hove up with fourteen bottles of a lush, enough to kill or cure the whole ship's crew, an' that looked fresh in their nice wrappers. Says Chang, 'Chinaman doctor hab got plentee more—he make heap good well with my sick—this number one medikin, allee same, through Yokohama.' Wa'all, I took the bottles an' told the doctor I was goin' to try one as by the sailin'-orders on the bottle, an' the doctor he laughed an' says 'twas no good, but I done as the regulations says from the first, an' here I am, ag'in the doctor's ideas, to be sure!"

With this triumphant assertion Brown looked about the circle. Then, lowering his voice, said, "Boys, I've four of those precious bottles left—ain't give 'em all away yet after I was cured—an' if you all think that it would not be too free with the 'old man,' suppose I go to his son there on the poop-deck an' say what I have to you, an', askin' his pardon, say we want the Admiral to try the stuff in my bottles, seein' that they cured my consumption."

This idea met with approval from all sides. Therefore, Brown walked off for the interview with the Admiral's son, with no little anxiety in his good heart as to the result of his mission. Approaching the Lieutenant, Brown saluted and asked for permission to state his reasons for doing so. This was readily granted and Brown spoke out:

"Seeing that I was once cured of consumption, Lieutenant, I make bold to ask if I can tell you how an' why I've the reasons for wishing you to use on your father what was my salvation."

In a few moments the Lieutenant had Brown's story out, and much to the latter's gratification granted a ready permission to him. It did not take Brown long to run to his ditty-box, get the bottles of medicine and return to the Lieutenant with them.

"I'm afeard that the doctors will kick ag'in the use of this blessed stuff, an' what will you do, sir?" said Brown, as he placed the medicine in the cabin orderly's hands to be taken into the Admiral's room.

"I will attend to that, Brown, and rest assured that your remedy will have a fair trial in spite of any opposition. It will not harm my father, judging from your statement and the opinion of the medical officers of the Ranger."

"Thank you, sir, an' God help the Admiral to weather his trouble, is the prayer of all the ship," said Brown, as the Lieutenant turned to enter the cabin.

There was no cessation in the storm that evening. The gale howled through the rigging in wild, discordant tones; the great ship labored through the white-capped mountains of water which threatened to engulf her with each burst of their storm-whipped crests. Within the Admiral's cabin the Argand lights, the comfortable furniture, and the numerous evidences of the Admiral's wanderings over land and water, as displayed in choice bric-a-brac and trimmings, gave to the room a warm, snug appearance, most pleasing, this wild night, to those within. In his state-room lay the Admiral, made comfortable by all that loving hands and willing hearts could suggest. By his side sat his son, who in a quiet voice was recounting to his father the interview with Brown and the opposition met with from the doctors, when the idea of giving this new medicine was broached.

"You were sleeping at the time, father, and therefore missed a laughable scene, made so, in spite of your condition, by the intense dislike displayed by the doctors for this 'new-fangled stuff,' this 'patent liquid,' which they declared should never, with their consent, be given to you. Well, I cut the matter short by saying that I would take all the responsibility, and with your permission would administer it. That I obtained when I found you awake and now you are under way with the first bottle, as per directions. I am satisfied, dear father, that it will do you good, a premonition filling my heart that at last we have found the means of arresting the burning fever and hacking cough, which have been troubling you so much."

The Admiral's reply was cut short by a severe spell of coughing, during which he spit blood, and when finished sank back exhausted. But the grateful look which he bestowed on his son was an additional assurance of belief in that which the Admiral had at first sight dubbed as a possible, but doubtful means of doing him any good. But laying aside his dislike for any but old-established remedies, the Admiral acquiesced in his son's request, and now, after this last spell, admitted that

the effect of the dose had softened the dreaded severity of the racking cough.

* * * * *

Three weeks later found the Nomad making the harbor of Montevideo. After severe and prolonged weather she had rounded the Cape, and now was standing in the harbor for the purpose of recoaling and watering. To one given to the study of human lineaments the faces of those aboard the flagship this bright morning would have afforded infinite scope for such pursuit. But the source of each man's happiness flowed from the same fountain of grateful joy. The beloved Admiral was the cause of this. And why? If you could have seen the Admiral this bright morning, dear reader, your answer would have been easily found in his face. A changed man was he. Victory was perched on his guidons! the dread enemy was slowly retreating! The fight was a severe one, but with no cessation in vigilant action and careful application of the contents of four bottles the Admiral had turned the flank of Consumption, and was slowly but surely driving him off the field with a power which astounded the doctors and filled all hearts with joy and thankfulness.

What was this, then, that had won the victory for the seaman Brown, and was now leading the Admiral's shattered forces to the some grand result? When asked this question by one of his officers on duty, in Montevideo, the Admiral, slowly lifting his hand, replied: "I would that in letters of gold, and so placed that all the world could read them, the name of this great remedy could be shown, coupled with the genius who discovered it—'The Golden Medical Discovery!' Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y.," the man who has given to his fellow-men the greatest relief from all ills that mortal flesh is heir to!

"This is the name of the contents of that bottle on my table, and God bless the man who has found the secret of filling it with a medicine at once purifying and strengthening, wholesome and thorough in its results, and claiming, in my humble opinion, nothing for itself that it cannot reasonably perform. Nature's ally against the abuse of man!"

Well might the Admiral sing the praises of that which had so unexpectedly rescued him from a fatal illness. When the ship anchored the first commission for the Admiral's son to execute was a large purchase of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, as the Admiral sadly admitted, he had seen in every port the world around and had only admired as an evidence of the energy and enterprise of

an American who could thus place his Golden Medical Discovery in every nook and corner of the globe. But now he was one more to testify to the wonderful power of this medicine, and certainly did so in Montevideo by praising it up to all the high officials who visited him.

A week later and the Nomad sailed for Boston direct. What the condition of the Admiral was when she arrived there is shown in his letter above. Let it be recorded to the credit of the doctors on the flag-ship that they were completely cured of all dislike for the Golden Medical Discovery, used it faithfully on the voyage to Boston, and landed, through its wonderful power, the Admiral, completely restored, and more than one poor fellow who started out in the sick bay of the Nomad. What staunch friends the Golden Medical Discovery made in that ship!

The above, reader, is an outline of the story spun by the Admiral to his friend when they met at the dinner. We will not touch on other portions of his interesting recital of his cruise in general, our aim being to record his testimony for the greatest wonder in medical science that this nineteenth century of surprising developments has produced.

From the wonderful power of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery over that terribly fatal disease, consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought favorably of calling it his "consumption cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine that from its wonderful combination of germ-destroying as well as tonic or strengthening, alterative or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, diuretic, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all chronic diseases of the liver, blood, kidneys, and lungs. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin—in short, all diseases caused by disease germs in the blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, rose rash, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands.

"The blood is the life." Thoroughly cleanse this fountain of health by using Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin,

buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution are established.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternated with hot flashes, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver or "biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, short breath, consumptive night-sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. In the cure of bronchitis, severe coughs, and consumption it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. The nutritive properties possessed by cod-liver oil are trifling when compared with those of the Golden Medical Discovery. It rapidly builds up the system and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by wasting diseases.

The reader will pardon the foregoing digression, prompted by our admiration for a remedy that performs such marvelous cures, and permit us to say that when the Admiral returned to his home in New York the only cloud cast upon the happiness of the reunion with his family was caused by the continued illness of his eldest son, a young man of twenty-four, whose disease, when the Admiral sailed from Montevideo, had been reported as succumbing to the treatment of the family doctor. But his father found it otherwise; the unfortunate young man was suffering severely from chronic disease of the kidneys and bladder. Before leaving Boston the Admiral had purchased a copy of Dr. Pierce's book, *The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser*. He read this valuable book thoroughly, and upon his arrival home had made up his mind as to the future treatment for his son. The latter was sent to the famous Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., conducted by Dr. R. V. Pierce and his competent staff of specialists, where, under skillful treatment, the sufferer soon found relief and a permanent cure.

In the library of his handsome home the Admiral placed one of the four bottles sent him by the seaman Brown. Conspicuous in its pretty frame and stand, it attracts all eyes, which can easily read the lines in golden letters inscribed on the tablet under the stand, as follows: "This bottle once contained the ammunition which secured for Admiral — the victory in his battle off Cape Horn with the enemy, consumption. His undying gratitude is thus shown for that which this bottle and its mates held."

Publishers' Department.

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BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.—We will send any size or kind of Butterick's Patterns to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price.

DANGER TO CONSUMPTIVES IN HIGH ALTITUDES.

One of the fatal errors into which the profession has fallen is that of sending consumptive patients to Colorado and other elevated positions, where the atmosphere is greatly rarified, and the supply of oxygen, the life-giving element, proportionally diminished.

In diseases of the lungs a larger supply of oxygen than the patient has been in the habit of obtaining through ordinary respiration is absolutely necessary. Dr. Liebig, son of Baron Liebig, and other eminent European physicians, have become so well satisfied on this point that they are now treating patients for these and kindred diseases with "condensed air," which is inhaled in suitably arranged air-tight chambers.

Dr. Lange says that the efficacy of compressed air baths principally rests upon the fact that the blood is more richly supplied with oxygen and that a healthier nutrition is the immediate consequence. Pravaz, Demarquay, and others maintain, with Lange, that the beneficial effects of these baths are due to the greater supply of oxygen which is presented for absorption.

Under this form of treatment condensed or compressed air is used, because by condensation a larger supply of oxygen is furnished to the lungs at each inspiration than can be obtained in ordinary breathing. The very converse of this treatment is that which sends a patient to Colorado, where every thousand feet of elevation is attended with a serious loss of oxygen in consequence of the rarer condition of the atmosphere. A consumptive patient not long since described her sensations on reaching Leadville, where her physician had sent her. She said that the atmosphere was so rare, and her lung capacity so small, that to get a sufficient supply of oxygen she panted rather than breathed, and felt as if she would suffocate, and that not until she had descended some three or four thousand feet was she relieved from this distressing condition.

Take a patient with lung disease, who has become greatly reduced in strength, and send him to Colorado. What will be the natural result, the outcome of natural causes? He needs a larger supply of oxygen, but is sent to a region where the air does not contain one-half or two-thirds as much of this life-giving element as that which he has been used to breathing. He wants, besides, rest and the opportunity to regain the strength which has been wasting. But in his effort to get the amount of oxygen that nature demands he has to breathe with increased rapidity and with an unusual and continued effort

that soon exhausts the little strength that remains after his fatiguing journey. No wonder that so many die from home and that so few get well after so vain a quest for health.

A physician, writing from one of the larger towns in Colorado, says: "I find here a peculiar tendency to neuralgia of certain nerves and their branches, especially of the fifth pair, causing tic-douloureux of old authors. The throat and lungs as well as all of the air-passages, are very subject to their peculiar diseases. Pneumonia is the fatal disease—especially at this season of the year (January)—carrying off its victims in the early or congestive stage. Almost every one coming here is afflicted with loss of appetite and deranged digestive organs—for a time at least; and although the thousands who are daily seen on the street and doing business will not admit that they are sick, yet they do not feel as well as in a lower altitude. Many get up in the morning feeling well, but before noon their energies are gone, and they do not feel well again until the next morning. Such is a hasty statement of the physical condition here in Colorado. I learn that many doctors are prescribing blue mass and quinine largely in most cases, which you well know is not the thing. What is wanted here is a vitalizer rather than a depresser."

At home, with the quiet, rest, and physical comfort which can there alone be secured, nine patients out of ten are better off than in any of the so-called—we might say mis-called—health-resorts to which physicians are in the habit of sending them. If the disease is one that demands a larger supply of oxygen than the weak or wasted lungs can get from the atmosphere the new treatment by Compound Oxygen will supply that demand, or, if from any cause there is a condition of low vitality and nervous exhaustion, for which the family physician orders change and travel as a last prescription, in nine cases out of ten Compound Oxygen will give the needed help. And as it can be used at home, where every attainable comfort is secured to the patient, all the chances of recovery are in his favor.

Any information that may be desired in regard to this Oxygen Treatment will be furnished by Drs. Starkey & Palen, of 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa., who have treated successfully many thousands of cases of consumption, catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, and the various affections of the respiratory organs, during the past thirteen years. Their treatise on the discovery, nature, and action of this singularly active vitalizing agent will be mailed free to any one who will write for it.

HON. DANIEL F. BEATTY.

The well-earned reputation of Mayor Beatty, of Washington, N. J., as a manufacturer of organs is an assurance to buyers that they will get what he advertises, and the price, with all freight prepaid, should give him, as it will, thousands of additional satisfied customers. We are informed by good authority that Mr. Beatty is manufacturing and shipping sixty-nine organs daily, and is running his factory nights in order to fill orders promptly.

The Washington, N. J., *Star* says:

The Hon. John Hill, Member of Congress, of Boonton, N. J., accompanied by his wife, recently visited the Beatty Organ Factory, at Washington, N. J. He expressed himself not only gratified, but astonished, at the extent and activity of Mayor Beatty's organ works. The prejudice which every young business man has to confront, whose success is rapidly achieved, is giving away before Mayor Beatty, and his wonderful business capacity is coming to be generally recognized and acknowledged. We clip the following editorial from last week's *Christian at Work*:

"Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, whose indefatigable pluck has raised him from a poor boy to a reputed fortune of half a million, is an example of what can be done by fair dealing and persistent effort. He has the largest organ factory in the country and makes from fifty to sixty instruments daily."

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., quickly relieved by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. A simple and effectual remedy, superior to all other articles for the same purpose. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

PURCHASING AND SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

We have established a **Purchasing and Supply Department** in connection with our Magazine, through which any one residing at a distance from the city may secure the services of a person of experience, good taste, and judgment in the selection and forwarding by mail or express any articles that may be desired, such as **ladies' and children's wearing apparel, goods for household use and decoration (as furniture, carpets, and upholstery, china, glass, and silver ware, pianos, parlor organs, scientific instruments, etc., etc.), art materials, whether for painting, drawing, or fancy needlework, etc., etc.**

Stamped patterns and designs for needlework and various styles of embroidery will be selected and forwarded. The lady in charge of our **"Art at Home"** Department will answer all inquiries in regard to style or cost of material for any desired article. In cases where the materials and appropriate designs for **ornamental needlework** are wanted, she will, if the matter is left to her taste and experience, select both the design and material.

Thus, at a comparatively trifling charge, persons at a distance from the city can secure the services of an experienced and reliable person, of good taste and judgment, in the selection of any articles they may desire to purchase, getting through this person an advantage in the market which they would hardly be able to obtain if here and shopping for themselves.

In the selection of **musical instruments**, such as **pianos, organs, etc.**, we have obtained the services of one of the most experienced, skilled, and reliable musicians in our city, who will give personal attention to the selection of any instrument desired. His address will be given to purchasers, so that they can correspond with him direct and get all needed information in regard to the best instruments, prices, etc. This will afford an advantage in the selection of pianos and other musical instruments not readily obtained, and not only secure for purchasers the best articles of the best makers, but at the lowest prices at which they can be furnished.

Five per cent. will be charged on the price of goods ordered and supplied. Where the amount purchased is below five dollars, twenty-five cents will be the commission on each transaction.

When **samples** are requested, twenty-five cents must be inclosed. If goods are afterward ordered, this sum will be deducted from the bill.

All inquiries from those who desire to make purchases will be promptly answered.

All orders must be accompanied by the amount of bill, including charges.

Goods forwarded by express or mail at the purchaser's risk.

Address **T. S. ARTHUR & SON,**
227 S. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Answers to Inquiries.

TRACING AND TRANSFERRING DESIGNS (P. H. D.)—We give the following as the best ways of transferring designs:

The design should first be traced upon cartridge or drawing-paper by holding the design up to the glass of a window and tracing it upon the drawing-paper by means of a pencil or pen.

Another way is to place tissue-paper above the design and trace it through, then to transfer it to the drawing-paper by means of transfer-paper placed between the two. The design in this case should be carefully gone over with an ivory style. The design upon the drawing or cartridge-paper should now be pricked carefully and evenly with a pin or steel point. The next move is to lay the pricked design on the cartridge-paper upon the material and rub pounce or pouncing-powder through the holes. When this is done and the cartridge-paper has been removed, the material will be found covered with little dots in the shape of the design. The pounce should be rubbed on with a little brush, or, if the worker doesn't object to soil her hands, the finger is not at all a bad substitute. When the halves or four quarters of a design correspond with each other, the quickest and most accurate mode of drawing is to fold the paper into two or four divisions and draw upon the upper side only. The holes may then be pricked through all four divisions at once and by this means a much more correct pattern is obtained than if the whole were gone over separately.

"Bank post" paper is cheaper and thinner than cartridge-paper, which last is too thick to fold in this manner, so we should recommend the former to our readers.

A very good pounce can be made from pulverized pipe-clay or powder-blue. Pipe-clay and charcoal make a capital dark pounce, if the material to be traced upon be a light one.

In thus pouncing the design great care must be taken to place it exactly in the centre of the material, so that no second trial is needed. For this reason it is better to keep the whole in its place by means of weights. A second trial usually makes the dotted impression blurred and indistinct.

When the pricked outline has been removed the design must be gone over upon the material with paint or Indian ink. This last should be always used in the case of white linen, and can best be put on with a pen. For painting the outline a stiff sable is the best kind of brush. Make each sweep of the brush as free and bold as possible, or the design will be stiff and feeble and the embroidery consequently an inferior performance. If in painting upon outline a mistake should occur—and we all know how easily that happens—the easiest way to remove the paint is to put a little turpentine into a saucer, and with a piece of rag rub the material briskly; this will quite remove all traces of the paint. We should, however, advise all workers to be cautious in so doing, and by no means to do it more than once. Do not use pouncing-powder with hairy materials, such as serge or wooden goods; white-oil paint will be found suitable for those. The quickest way of all to obtain a pattern is to tack it to the material and follow the outline with stitches and then to carefully tear away the pattern; this, however, ruins the design, which would otherwise perhaps come in again for a similar matter.

(E. C. P.)—Can furnish black, ebony panels, 20x9½ inches, for \$1.87 per pair; china plaques for \$1.00 per pair, and upward; wooden plaques for 40 cents per pair, and upward.

(—) To give a full description of how to make Macramé lace would take more space than we can spare in the MAGAZINE. A book on Imperial Macramé lace is published at 25 cents, which we will procure and mail to any one on receipt of the price.

(A SUBSCRIBER.)—A pamphlet containing information in regard to silk culture is published in this city by Nellie Rossiter, Sixty-first and Vine Streets. She will mail it to any one on receipt of 25 cents.

STAMPING PATTERNS.—We are pleased to state to those in need of either perforated stamping patterns or patterns stamped on paper, that we have made arrangements with a stamping and designing house to furnish them at reasonable rates to those purchasing through our agency. After this number we will be able to supply all the designs that appear in the MAGAZINE. Those which have appeared in previous numbers we cannot give exactly, but any one stating the purpose for which a design is required, and who will trust somewhat to our taste, will, we have no doubt, be perfectly satisfied with our selection. We will here say to those from whom we have had letters in regard to perforated patterns and to whom we sent unfavorable answers, that we will now be glad to fill their orders.

(A. M.)—Hat-bands can be stamped for five cents a letter. We can also furnish them painted by hand for \$1.00 apiece or 75 cents a piece by the dozen. They are very durable done in this way and much more artistic than embroidered ones.

(D. M.)—The nicest and most serviceable goods for light summer dresses are nun's veiling and albatross cloth. They can be bought in all colors, single width, for 31 cents a yard; double, from 50 cents to \$1.00 per yard. These materials are preferable to wash goods, as they do not require to be laundered.

TO DYSPEPTICS. IT LEADS ALL.

The most common signs of **Dyspepsia**, or **Indigestion**, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

AYER'S PILLS.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

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No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

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It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882. At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alternative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results. Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

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30 Fine White Gold Edge Cards, name on, 10 cts. Sample Book 25 cts. 30 assorted Reward Cards, beautiful designs, 10 cts. SHAW & CO., Jersey City, N. J.

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No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated KIDNEY-WORT as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

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RHEUMATISM. For this terrible cure, as it is for ALL the painful diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels. It cleanses the system of the acid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in a short time **PERFECTLY CURED.**

It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully.

It acts at the same time on the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. AS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. \$1. LIQUID or PILL. Dry can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt. (37)

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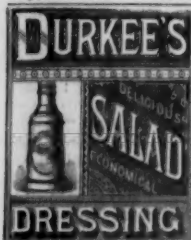
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To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

A KEY THAT AND NOT
WILLING ANY WATCH WEAR OUT.
SOLD by Watchmakers. By Mail, 25 cts. Circulars
FREE. J. B. BIRCH & CO., 38 Day St., N. Y.

Tested and Not Found Wanting.

The following is taken from *The Whispers of Peace*, published by Rev. S. H. Platt, A. M., at Southampton, N. Y. Mr. Platt has been using Compound Oxygen for some four years, and during that time has tested it in forty-one cases, the results of which he has voluntarily given to the public in his paper. Mr. Platt is well known among the Methodists, to which denomination he belongs, as a truth-loving and conscientious man. No question can, therefore, be against the fairness of his report:

"TESTED AND NOT FOUND WANTING."

"Thirty years of close observation and study have convinced us that the science of medicine needs some great *vitalizer* adapted to the widest range of diseases, yet thoroughly practicable. For a long time we sought it in electricity, but for the masses that is an untamed colt—servicable if it can be properly used. In the nature of the case, no drug can ever meet the requirements. *Four years of experiment* have led us to believe that it is found in the *Compound Oxygen* of Drs. Starkey & Palen.

"As we have been so severely condemned for advertising this article so largely, we submit the following facts to the judgment of our readers, and also to answer the numerous letters of inquiry that reach us concerning it.

"We have personally tested Compound Oxygen in forty-one cases, with the following results:

"Class I. *Cases recognized from the outset as incurable*: One uterine, three consumption, one diabetes, advanced stage; all greatly relieved.

"Class II. *Cases deemed as possibly curable*: 1. Deranged several years, excessive nervousness; much improved. 2 and 3. Bronchial consumption; one nearly cured, the other greatly helped, but the disease rendered fatal by an accident. 4. Bronchitis, one lung useless; cured. 5. Constitutional debility, life-long; improved. 6. Consumption; cured. 7. Confirmed and increasing hallucinations; cured. 8. Neuralgia of optic nerve, gastric irritation, great nervous prostration; abandoned for want of proper instruction while at a distance.

"Class III. *Cases deemed probably curable*: 1. Bronchitis and hay fever; bronchitis cured. 2. Gastric fever and prostration, inability to recuperate; cured. 3 and 4. General debility; greatly benefited. 5. Kidney disease and nervous debility; 'life saved.' 6. Persistent and harassing cough; cured. 7. Cough of twelve years' standing; cured. 8. Lung and heart disease; lungs cured and heart much improved. 9. Obstinate cough; cured. 10. Consumptive tendencies and cough; cured. 11. Cough and spermator-

rhea; cough cured. 12. Nervous debility; cured. 13. Sciatic neuralgia, nervous prostration (life despaired of); cured. 14. Consumptive decline; 'saved.' 15. Bronchial and gastric irritation and extreme nervous prostration (life despaired of—could only take oxygen three seconds); cured. 16. Nervous debility and uterine troubles; greatly relieved. 17-20. Over-work; all helped immediately, though continuing the work. 21. Uterine difficulties, extreme nervousness and hallucinations; appetite improved immediately, but treatment unwisely abandoned lest it should increase stoutness. 22-24. Treatment not properly used. 25. Nervous debility from overstudy; helped. 26. Debility, difficulty of breathing; strong hereditary consumptive tendencies; debility partly overcome, difficulty of breathing cured (still under treatment). 27. Liver complaint of many years, and nervous derangement; liver decidedly better. 28. Lung disease and dyspepsia; improved, but frequent absence from home interferes with the treatment.

"It should be observed—

"1st. *Most* of these were cases in which physicians and other remedies had failed.

"2d. Many of them were chronic.

"3d. In thirty-eight of the forty-one cases only one Treatment (two months) was used, and in no case more than two.

"4th. Many of the cases reported relieved or helped would undoubtedly have been cured by further treatment, but financial reasons prevented. A number are still under treatment.

"5th. This statement of results is accurate to our personal knowledge.

"6th. These embrace *all* the cases under our own direction instead of being culled, as ordinary testimonials are, from hundreds or thousands of experiments.

"Knowing these facts, and knowing, moreover, that, according to the reports of a large Life Insurance Company of *causes of death* of its members during six months of the present year, every fourth person died of lung disease (and these, too, all selected lives), we should deem ourselves false to the interest of our readers, and traitors to humanity, if we failed to make known such a boon for the suffering.

"Now, if the Baltimore Methodist or *The Pioneer* can produce from the records of any physician of any school or from the history of any proprietary remedy, achievements equal to these, we proffer our columns for a like publicity; still the fact will remain, that they have maligned this agency of cure without adequate investigation of its merits. Prejudices and prejudgments are as poor helps to editorial consistency as elsewhere in life."

To those who wish to inform themselves in regard to this new Treatment, we will send, *free of cost*, our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" and our pamphlet, containing over fifty "Unsolicited Testimonials;" also, "Health and Life," our Quarterly Record of Cases and Cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in which will be found, as reported by patients themselves, and open for verification, more remarkable results in a single period of three months than all the medical journals in the United States can show in a year!

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. R. STARKEY, A. M., M. D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph. B., M. D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut & Market), Phila., Pa.